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MAGAZINE

# The Student Fall 1974

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within.....

a. r. ammons golf at wake forest the death of a baseball team

and poems from jamaica to seattle and more

The Student Magazine is published four times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University, with funds provided by the University and the North Carolina Arts Council. It is a non-profi organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community Contributions may be brought by our offices in Room 224, Reynold Hall, or mailed to Box 7247, Reynold Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflections of the editors. The Student is printed by the Keiger Printin Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

# EDITOR'S PAGE

Something fast asleep at Wake Forest stirred imperceptibly when A. R. Ammons first took off his hat. Something that had been driven to bed and dreamless sleep by English comp courses and poetry interpretations that should have remained in the harmless confines of junior high school. When Ammons began to talk of poetry, heads raised slightly off the pillows that had been the only place left to go.

It is absurd to talk about the "writing community" at this university. The term connotes a group of five or six, somehow different from everyone who send letters home, etch initials in fresh cement, or pass notes in religion class. Each person at Wake Forest shares the ability and the need to communicate; some, far more than five or six, feel a greater need to record that communication. So they pull out the pile of notebook paper, or wet that finger.

It is equally absurd to believe that the university has helped those interested in writing. Perhaps this is part of the reason why the number of contributors to this first issue of *The Student* magazine is embarrassingly small.

Wake Forest has squelched the poets, the novelists, and all save the graffittists by several means. It has presented Kenneth Koch and Jonathan Williams, two noted poets, in writing workshops which produced a minimal amount of insight into anything but two inflated egos. It forces upon everyone english composition where professors emphasize the 'one way to write' to the extent that E. E. Cummings is classified as a "third rate poet" and creativity is either misplaced or run away from. Worst of all, it has made many believe that no one is interested in the things you care enough about to write somewhere. There are some here; there always have been.

The university's series of mistakes ended with the arrival of A. R. Ammons. It is impossible to say too much about the man. As he talks to you about writing, about experience, something moves inside you, twists and stretches and burns. It is the recognition of common kind, of the emotions and perceptions in life that are familiar to each of us. And more, that writing is a sharing of these visions. There is also the hope that Ammons, who survived Wake Forest as we will, is simply a step ahead of us in grasping them.

It would be impossible for everyone to meet this poet. *The Student* exists to transmit the reactions of those who do to the many who never will, as well as the thoughts of everyone who writes. We are all surrounded by red brick, Elton John concerts, cold morning walks in the Gardens, leaves falling on the quad, and the sudden Unexplainable moments of happiness. We all have the need to remember them.

Unfortunately, one of these days Ammons will lift his hat from the peg and so much of Wake Forest will drift back to sleep. Spend an hour; see him and talk to him. Feel the expansion within you, look for the nearest scrap of paper to capture it

And when you do . . . . well, we'd love to hear from you.

s.b.d.

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Now that we are here together, what can we say about it? That it is the clock-sweep of this hour merely Time as fine as any other time as any other place as any other who

to be?

But
There are grasses here which sway
golden
For reaping
If I plant your heart and watch it burst
to bloom-flower
do I find
that it held my heart
all this time
after all?

There are clouds here which drift smoky
Against the sun.
And voices from the blank white sky loud-shouting
"It is not all happening here!"
And that keeps us turning
on the world
after all.

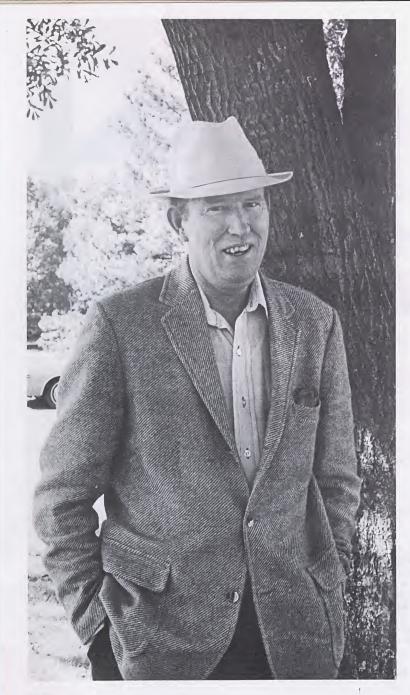
There are hands here to reach,
clutching
To grasp you
And faces to meet you in new meadows
brightly
holding your eyes
in their own eyes within this moment

after all.

And we are mirror-still for you,
Shimmering pools to hold light for you.
We hold the grain and the flowers,
the smoke and the echoes,
the hands and the meadows;
the faces
are for you now

after all.

Judy Haughee



Elementary School (1949-1950), Ammons studied English at the University of California at Berkeley. In 1952, he was employed A. R. Ammons was born on February 18, 1926 in Whiteville, N.C. After serving in the Navy from 1944 to 1946, he attended Wake Forest from 1946 to 1949, when he obtained a B.S. degree in General Science. Following a teaching position at Hatteras with a biological glassware company in Southern New Jersey. Ammons went to Cornell University in 1964 where he has taught for

Ammons' published works are Ommateum (1955), Expressions of Sea Level (1964), Corsons Inlet (1965), Tape for the Turn of

the Year (1965), Northfield Poems (1966), Selected Poems (1968), Uplands (1970), Briefings (1971), Collected Poems 1951-1971

# Periphery

## An Interview with A. R. Ammons

by Doug Abrams

In theory this interview was supposed to be very informal, with a minimum of structure; however, to get to the point, I got involved with the conversation and abandoned the note-taking necessary to write on an informal format. I apologize to all who are offended by such rank amateurism and I can only suggest that they talk to Mr. Ammons personally.

It is unfortunate that the interview is formal because Mr. Ammons is the antithesis of the stereotyped psuedo-sophisticated poet. Perhaps what

is most unique about Mr. Ammons, outside of his enormous writing talent, is his powerful sincerity. He is the kind of man who is as comfortable talking about the World Series as about the role of the poet in modern society. And all that he does has a personal flare that combines true greatness with humility. We are all lucky to have the opportunity of having him at Wake Forest for this year; I don't know anyone who, having the least contact with him, does not appreciate it.

STUDENT: What is the role of the poet in society?

AMMONS: Two items have a part in that question, society and the poet. Society assigns no role to the Poet. It lets the poet survive if he can; if he cannot, it sustains its complacency. Limited segments of society will pay the poet to teach, or will pay others to teach his works, or sometimes, in very limited numbers, will pay to hear him read his poems. All this makes the Poet furious. Out of the fury (and a few other resources) the poet writes poems which declare that they don't give a damn what society thinks. Society sometimes finds this useful.

STUDENT: What role does the poet's artifacts serve?

AMMONS: The poems of a man can come to form a community, however scattered, of perception, so that a few people here and there begin to realize and share some things they might not otherwise have had in common.

STUDENT: What responsibility does the poet have for the vision of reality he sets forth?

AMMONS: None. It's the poet's business to see and say truly; that is, with as much faithfulness as

possible. The materials he announces may be found useful in forming this or that set of attitudes or morals, but the materials themselves must be found in, or found remaining in, the wash of a pretty acid vision, vision unconditioned by priority.

STUDENT: What is your opinion of the Black Mountain Movement?

AMMONS: I think some challenging men, opinions, and means came from there. Mainly, I like the theory of education that seems to lie behind the movement, that education is largely an unfolding and that a serious man knows how best to follow his own guidance. Most people are educated by rote. They have no original impetus, self-originating, so they need someone to show them a way. The hope is that after they have a way they will be able to discover their way.

STUDENT: What contemporary poets have most influenced you?

AMMONS: My critics say my influences are not mainly from contemporaries. They may be right. Of contemporaries, I have been influenced as a human being and as a poet chiefly by my friends: Josephine Miles, Josephine Jacobsen, John Logan, etc. I have also been influenced by two of my students, Jerald Bullis and Fred Buel, both splendid poets.

STUDENT: What direction do you think poetry in the 1970's and 1980's will head?

AMMONS: We hardly ever agree on what direction poetry has headed, so it's particularly hard to guess (and be right) about where it is heading. I'm encouraged by many young poets in their twenties and thirties, poets such as Robert Morgan, Albert Godbarth, Paul Nelson, William Hathaway, and others, but the attitudes of even younger poets seem to me on target, and I look forward to a greatness in American poetry that will be simply astonishing, both in the number of poets and in the height of their production. But I don't know how we'll get there. Probably poetry goes nowhere, just round and round, or upside down.

STUDENT: What is your own personal view of the nature of things? Do you have a personal mythology a la Yeats or Pope?

AMMONS: I think we are nearing a time when we will more clearly understand how the mind works.

When we know better how the mind works, I thin we will become undeceived about a great man things. It already seems to me that human history open to vastly different constructions from the on we have traditionally placed upon it. I think we are growing free, but more terribly free. I won't tal about this any more. I hope I don't sound teasing the matters have to do with information theory symbologies, hierarchies, information assimilation transformation, and control.

STUDENT: What are your own personal goals so for as constructing and composing poems?

AMMONS: I want to give the highest assimilation the widest range of materials of which I am capable This means I would like to have comprehensivenes and focus at once in the same poem. Maximum unit with maximum diversity. An image of that would, think, prevent what I hate: propagands oversimplification, easy truth, intellectual fascism.

STUDENT: Do you feel that you are a southern pot as Frost was a New England poet and as Faulkner wa a southern writer?

AMMONS: I identify myself as inevitably southerner by the way my language moves, the sound of whatever sense I make. Frost was consciously an sometimes self-consciously a New Englander Faulkner consciously made his county stand for the world, a particular (very rich one) that generalize into the human condition. I'm afraid I go, perhap without any footing, straight for the world as some kind of improved version of the United Nationshoping that way to promote certain human rights for every particular person. I guess I'm upside down from the right way to do it. If it will work, if we can help make it work, either way, I'll be happy enough. know it won't happen, if ever, soon.

STUDENT: How would you recommend that yound poets approach the problem of writing poetry?

AMMONS: Poets must know something. They must pay attention to what goes on around them, in them They should have a period in their lives when the read widely. The reading should include works that aim to be subject matter—geology, biology, language philosophy, history, etc. None of that will make a poet, but a poet can be a better one because of it When the reading is assimilated, and even before, on hopes, the deep human concerns, the overpowering

### Periphery

One day I complained about the periphery that it was thickets hard to get around in or get around for and older man: it's like keeping charts

of symptoms, every reality a symptom where the ailment's not nailed down: much knowledge, precise enough, but so multiple it says this man is alive

or isn't: it's like all of a body answering all of pharmacopoeia, a too adequate relationship: so I complained and said maybe I'd brush

deeper and see what was pushing all this periphery, so difficult to make any sense out of, out:

with me, decision brings its own

hesitation: a symptom, no doubt, but open and meaningless enough without paradigm: but hesitation can be all right, too: I came on a spruce

thicket full of elk, gushy snow-weed nine species of lichen, four pure white rocks and several swatches of verbena near bloom.

A. R. Ammons

richness and poverty, loss and hope, purpose and absurdity, love and fear, found at one time or another at the center of our lives, need much dwelling on. Everything the earth gives it takes back. We are mortal and we can't stay here, but perhaps it is mortality that allows us to be here at all. Ultimately, each of us is lost. In view of that knowledge, how

should we behave, what attitude should we take?

Knowing and feeling chasten the self, tune it up fairly accurately. Knowing and feeling also chasten and inform the words we use. When the self, the word, and the thing are the same, you have poetry. It is not a matter of techniques, tricks, or devices, but a matter of entering in and saying out.



from the top of the Space Needle vou aren't quite in Heaven but you can see Mount Ranier above the clouds, and below, Ivar's Salmon House and the Sound and small children with balloons. One clear Thursday afternoon, a lady who didn't like that view or any other took a step off the observation deck and fell five feet where she lay for a moment on a ledge outside the picture windows that give everyone in the dining room Seattle, from St. Mark's Cathedral to Whidby Island. Everyone at the tables stopped eating, stopped thinking and the lady, with another chance to decide, to weigh the regret and measure the hope lay still. then she crawled off the ledge and dropped five hundred feet. and when she landed it was next to a little boy who laughed just long enough for his balloon to slip away and make him cry

Steve Duin



BLOOM(SDAY)
BLOSSOM FLOWER
ALL THINGS HOPED FOR
THIS DAY.
THIS DAY
ALL THINGS HOPED FOR
BLOSSOM FLOWER
BLOOM(SDAY)

Kendall Reid

LEOPOLD'S GOD.

LEOPOLD'S GOD

MADE US.

LEOPOLD'S GOD

MADE US,

PLAY THE JEW'S HARP!

Kendall Reid

#### A Small Girl

spun gold sugar
whirl, twirl, spokes and curls
on fragile wings
and butlerfly spins
fly, cry, catch the wind
the whiz kid rides again
once again
full circle around
and gone

Mary Jo Sweeney

Waltzed through the dark of a dark without light Dance on you bastard my darling fate
Devils are dancing their pain in my heart
While angles are screaming their lilies so white
and running me wild with myself
all in shreds like bloodied old rags
All this echoes,
Echoes the howls of this fear
going on al ways on raking spurs on my peace
and claws at my face
and ice to my veins.
And tore your letter up.

- Mary Jo Sweeney

# Senators' Last Night

### by Steve Duin

The stadium was resting in early evening as Curt squeezed past two ushers at the entrance of the box-seats and walked slowly down toward first base. He did not stop until his hands rested against the iron railing. Then he gazed far out beyond the infield dirt, into the dark corners beneath the foul poles. In a sweeping glance, Curt took in the waves of grass, the flag flapping easily above the scoreboard, the outfielders loping lazily beneath fly balls, all of which were more familiar to him than his living room in Georgetown. Nothing seemed any different this night than any other and that thought pushed Curt into his wooden chair in the fourth row of the box seats.

Both teams had finished warming up and the field was clear except for the ground crew. The managers would be out soon with the line-up cards. Curt shifted around in his seat, trying to get comfortable when he knew it was not possible. He was sweating—the Kensington Avenue traffic had dampened his shirt. The September breezes, after parading around the upper deck, had descended upon the infield and brought with them the hum of the two and a quarter seats. In the aisle above him, Curt heard the shrill familiar sales pitch of a beer vendor and he signalled him.

"Hey, Missa Crenna," the old black said as he lowered his carrier to the cement. "Sorta figured you'd be heah tonight."

"Wouldn't have missed it for the world. How many

do ya think'll be here, Flip."

He looked out past third base while removing the beer top with a deft touch. "Twenty thousand, I figure, and every one of 'em here to kiss Short's ass. Why they keep comin', I dunno."

"C'mon Flip, you know better," Curt said. "This is the last game the Washington Senators are ever gonna

play. Lotta people here to say goodbye."

"Like you, Missa Crenna": Flip laughed as he flipped the bottle and thrust it deep into a cup with the motion that had earned him his name.

"And what about you, Flip? You've been pouring beers for me ever since I can remember. Where you headed after tonight?"

"Can't say that I know. There ain't been that much time to think about it. Ah mean, the Senators leavin' town? How could you figure sup'n like that? How could ya figure it?" Flip handed Curt the beer and pulled a cloth from his belt and wiped the sweat from his face.

"What about the 'Skins?" Curt asked while rummaging in his pocket for some change. "The stadium ain't gonna die ya know?"

"It is for me, Missa Crenna. I might hang around with the 'Skins but my heart won't be in it. Where ya've seen the big fella deck as many as I have, nothin else'll do. Only thing I know ah'm gonna do is go home tonight and pray that somewhere out dere is a Mack truck with Missa Bob Short's name on it...hey, forget about the two Wash'tons. This one's on me. Don't much gotta worry about them taking the job 'way from me now."

"Thanks, Flip. I'll see ya 'round," and he watched as the vendor shuffled up the steps and resumed his cry.

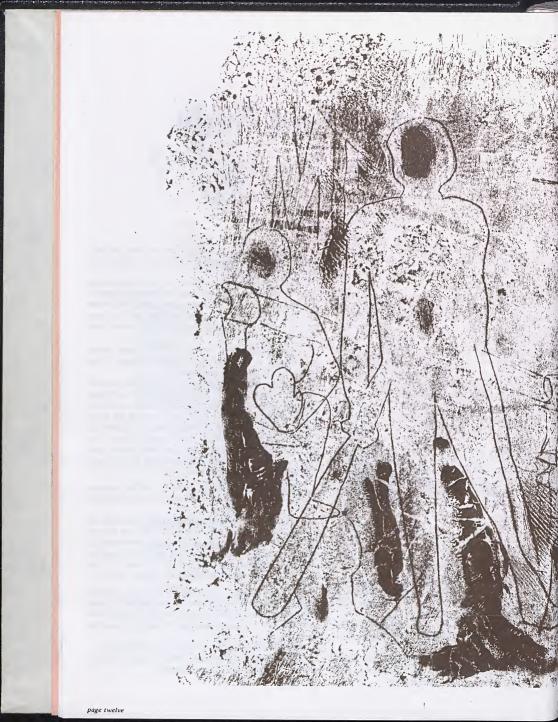
Curt felt something twisting within him and he shook his head and drained half his beer. He looked down at the seat next to him and wondered if Connie's bridge club had started yet. The Longines clock in center field told him it hadn't. Curt wondered what her problem was anyway.

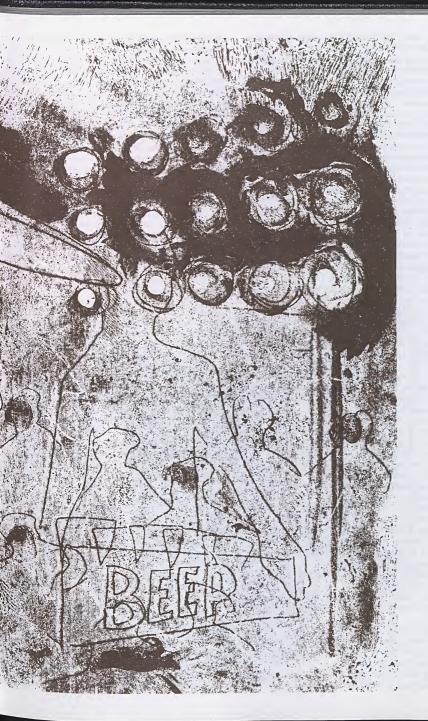
Seventy-one years of baseball in DC were ending tonight and Connie preferred playing some fag game like bridge. One helluva birthday present. Well at least he wouldn't have to listen to her nagging about his beer gut.

"Excuse me, but is anyone sitting in that seat?"

Curt turned quickly and found a young kid of about 17 looking at him questioningly.

"What's it to you?"





"Well it looks like it'd be a lot more comfortable than the aisle."

Curt opened his mouth to tell the kid to bug off but changed his mind before the words tumbled out. "Who you rooting for?"

"The Senators. You have eighteen questions left." Curt laughed. "You just answered the only one that matters. Sit down."

"Thanks." The kid slid past Curt into the next seat. Curt studied him for a moment. Except for the hair that fell below his ears, he looked okay. A heavy faded green coat and jeans.

"Where's your seat?" Curt asked.

"Upper deck somewhere. Is this your seat too?"

"Watch out, kid, you're sounding like my wife. It's her seat but she couldn't make it tonight." Curt finished his beer and looked around for Flip. The roar of the crowd brought his attention back to the field. The kid was on his feet clapping while down below the Senators were trotting out to their positions. Curt rose to his feet as Dick Bosman approached the mound, screaming "Lez go, Dick baby."

At first, Frank Howard stood like uncut timber, throwinggrounders to the other corners of the infield. Dave Nelson was guarding third and deep in the hole at short, Toby Harrah was spitting into the bottom of his glove, staring into the pocket with an insolence meant to drive out all thoughts of errors. Curt watched the movements of all the figures out on the field, drawn to them by the fascination of this game he loved.

"Hell of a team, hell of a team," Curt said, shaking his head, sinking back into his seat. "I think I'd give a couple years to see them win tonight. Flip, where are you when I need you?"

He was searching the crowd for the beer vendor when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He whirled and found a can of Budweiser staring him full in the face.

"Where'd that come from?"

The kid smiled, handed Curt the beer, and stuck his hand deep inside the out-of-place coat. When it surfaced, the hand was wrapped around another Bud. "I always bring a couple in with me," he said.

Curt took a long draught of Bud and watched Bosman's last warm-up pitch curve and dip past home plate. "Some punk from the upper deck sitting in my wife's seat playing Santa Claus. I think I'm gonna give up trying to figure this one out. What's your name?"

"Ted Grange and there really . . . "

"Ted Grange? Your parents some kind of football fanatics?"

"My dad went to Illi, but he always preferred baseball. He played second base for them for a couple years?"

"You play any?"

"No. I think growing up in Washington destroyed any desire I ever had to be associated with baseball."

"Yeah, why's that?"

"When I was a little kid, I used to get up every summer morning as soon as I heard the paperboy drop the Post against the front door. I'd run out ther and stumble all over the paper trying to find the Sports section, just to see if the Senators had won guess I got tired of starting every morning at 5:30 by the living room rug, reading how the Senators had figured out a new way to lose. They were prett clever about it. I remember a couple of times whe they started off good, like in '63 when they won the first two and I went berserk, thinking this was the year. So they lose their next thirteen . . . . . . "

At the plate, Bobby Murcer set himself for Bosman's first pitch. It came hard at the fists an Murcer's bat came around awkwardly, missing the

ball badly.

"Murcer's nervous," Curt said, as the Yanke center fielder stepped from the box, as if to listen the catcalls springing from the Senators' dugou "He's thinking, 'Now shit, if I got 4-4 tonight and of Tony-0 goes zip for four in Boston, I got me batting crown.' He keeps thinking like that an Bosman gonna blow three by him. And kid, that we '62."

"How many years you been following the

Senators?" Ted asked.

"Lotta years, lotta . . . . goddam!" and Curt was of his feet as the ball flew off Murcer's bat and took of like a shot for the Longine's clock. Halfway there seemed to waver and finally settled softly in Ellio Maddox's glove at the edge of the warning track.

"I guess he stopped thinking about Tony-0," Te

mused.

"Naah, Bosman just forgot that his E.R.A. another thing higher than Murcer's batting averag He'll settle down."

When Harrah had thrown the next Yankee batt by 20 feet, Ted asked, "You think they're gonna wit tonight?"

No answer came at two pitches slipped by Torre the New York right fielder on the inside come "Yeah kid, I can feel it. I've been sitting in this set too many times. They'll pull it off for me and evel one of the people here tonight."

Bosman's next two pitches just missed the outsic corner. His third just missed the upper deck in lefield. Curt watched in stunned silence as Torr trotted around the bases. White followed this act wit a double off the left field wall and before a popel second ended the inning, two singles had produce another run.

"Well it's like I said," Ted said as he pulled anoth beer from his coat. "The Senators are pretty good fooling ya."

"Aw pull pud, punk," and Curt struggled out of he seat and headed for the nearest men's room to veh his frustration at the urinal.

Five innings later, Curt was on his fifth beer at his mood had not improved. The Yankees had scort twice more in the top of the second and once in tiffith to offset an unearned run that the Senators his notched, and though the scoreboard was doing in

best to conceal the 5-1 score with various public service announcements, there was no mistaking it. Since the second, Curt had done little but signal for Flip to pour another one. He had been waiting for Ted to make some smart remark so he could kick his ass back on up to the upper deck, but the kid had remained relatively quiet. The sixth inning dawned, Bosman departed, and Horatio Pina had taken the mound in relief.

"Pina?" Curt muttered. "Why Pina? Even for a spic, he don't pitch worth a dump. Which team you rooting for, Williams?" His voice had risen for the blast toward the Senator's manager, and now it quieted again. "Where's Grzenda? The best reliever they got and he's off roasting his nuts on an open fire. I don't get it."

"Grzenda's pitched the last two games," Ted said.

"He's probably tired."

"So what's he saving himself for?" Curt asked. "Winter in Cuba? It's the last game of the season. And where you pulling those beers from? That's the fifth one you pulled out of that coat."

"Sixth," Ted answered. "There's the one I gave you. The coat holds a six-pack without any problem."

"You trying to tell me that you've been keeping up with me?"

"Well I shouldn't be, with the pistol beer you're drinking."

"What are you talking about?"

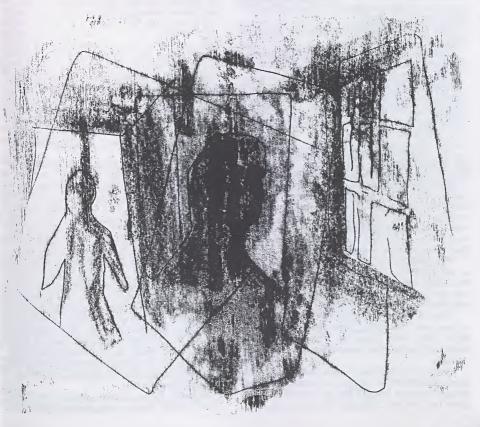
"That's what my dad used to call it. Pistol beer-drink till dusk, piss till dawn. You've spent half the game heading for the bathroom."

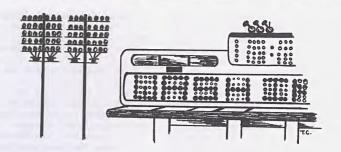
The Yankees were going down easily in the top of the sixth and Curt found himself starting into his beer cup while Ted pulled the coat off and dropped it at his feet. Beneath the coat was a plain grey shirt and from his neck hung a small cross.

Curt regarded the cross with interest and shook his head. "If you're Catholic, why are you drinking like a sot?"

"I'm not Catholic."

"You one of those Jesus freakos, huh? Well listen, kid, I'm still waiting for your excuse. I only know





one line from the Bible and that's cause my mother never quit saying it to me - 'Be not filled with beer but with the Spirit.' "

Ted was silent for a moment. On the field, Frank Howard was coming out of the dugout, the leadoff hitter in the bottom of the sixth. Over his head, he swung two 38-inch bats in lazy figure eights. On the mound, Mike Kekich, the Yankee righthander who had had no problem reaching the inning, watched him between warm-up pitches.

"I've heard it my share of times too. I hope its okay to be filled with both."

"Makes sense. But I don't know, kid. Church ain't my favorite place to go on a Sunday morning, but last I heard, God wasn't getting drunk."

Ted watched Kekich toe the rubber. Howard stood outside the batting box rubbing dirt deep into his hands. "I think God was drunk once. At the creation."

"Yeah? On what?"

"Love"

Curt thought for a moment and sighed. "Kid, you're back to talking like a donut. C'mon Hondo baby, hit it outta here. Just once, baby, just once."

Hondo seemed ready to take the challange as he dug in determinedly at the plate, flicking his bat in the same manner that a cat would shake a long departed mouse. Kekich shook off Munson's signs several times and when finally satisfied, came over his head with a fast ball that had Howard swinging for the fences and going nowhere fast.

"The Senators' portable air-conditioner," Ted said, as the umpire's shriek of 'Strike one' mingled with the awed groans of the fans. "When a fast ball goes by him that way . . . . , But he's still the most powerful ball player I've ever seen."

"When it comes to hitting for Washington, lotta fellows leave him pretty far behind, kid. Killibrew, Eddie Yost, Ossie Bluege....I grew up watching those guys hitting them against the fence in Griffth Stadium."

"Maybe so, but those upper deck seats in left aren't painted white to help us remember Ossie Bluege." Another fast ball disappeared into Munson's glove but too far inside and the count was even. "During those six games when Howard hit ten hom runs a couple years ago, I never left the radio. And each time he hit one out, I was falling down the stairs, and yelling to my dad. While Dan Daniels was still jumping up and down on the microphone in the press box, I was jumping up and down in front of my dad, laughing and clapping my hands and yelling, 'He hit another one, dad, another homer.' Then I was running back upstairs, ready for him to get up again.'

Another pitch was outside and Howard stepped out of the box. "I ain't saying he can't hit the long ball," Curt said, "but I've seen him swinging at the mosquitos too many times to call him one of the best. I remember Joe Dimaggio coming into the of stadium in '47 and hitting three homers to beat the Senators all by himself. Or Mantle before his leg quit. And every time they beat the Senators, I'd be up on the railing, cursing at 'em, but always knowing they were great ballplayers. There ain't too many o'em left and ol' Hondo doesn't qualify." Curt was straining forward in his seat. "C'mon, ya big lummos hit the damn ball."

Howard didn't look around and Kekich didn't slow his pitching motion. The ball came from on tof straight at the umpire's head. Hondo threw his huge bulk forward and the bat followed, connecting solidly. The ball shot over Baker's head before the Yankee shortstop could get his glove off his knee. It hadn't begun to descend when it landed in the middle of a sea of black faces and outstretched gloveless hands twenty rows up in the left field bleachers.

With the crack, the whole stadium had risen to its feet. The foul poles had turned to stare. Waves of excited joy, clapping, hope renewed dropped down upon Howard's shoulders as he lumbered around the bases. In the midst of screaming and spilling his beer. Curt glanced over at Ted and saw him jumping up and down, both arms hurled upward with clenched fists between them an upraised laughing face. As Howard crossed home plate, the cheering swelled and it continued long after he left the field, pounding down upon the dugout until the big fella returned to the field and tipped his hat.

He stood for a moment, gazing deep into the crowd of short sleeves, empty popcorn boxes, waving

hands. Then he turned and tipped his hat toward Kekich on the mound, whose eyes had never left Howard. Kekich dropped his head immediately but Curt saw the smile that flickered upon the pitcher's face. In a moment of twisting joy, Curt knew the memories of Dimaggio and Cronin and Harris would never be quite so clear. He turned to Ted again, who now was staring vacantly ahead, a half smile somewhere on his face.

"Hey kid," Curt said happily, slapping him on the back. "You lost back in front of your radio again?" "Just wondering who dreamed more about that

happening - him or me."

"The whole stadium, that's who. Damn, that calls for another beer."

Three more runs followed Howard across the plate before the Senators came back out onto the field. An inning and a half later, as the game moved into the bottom of the eighth, the score was still 5-5 and Curt was leading cheers in the stands. Linblad had come on in relief in the seventh and he had given up only a scratch single to the seven men he'd faced. Nelson had ended the top half of the 8th with a diving stop at third, and as he came up to lead off the Senators' next to last turn at bat, Curt was pleading with him to start something.

"Aren't you getting a little old to be screaming your guts out?" Ted asked, as Curt returned to his seat and slowly wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Ted, my boy, I don't think I'm ever gonna get too old for it. I've been coming out here to watch the Senators a little too long to start doing anything else."

"How old are you anyway?"

"Forty-seven today."

"Today? What are you doing here alone on your birthday?"

"Kid, 47 years ago today, my being born sure as hell wasn't the most important thing that happened. The Senators won their first American League pennant that day. They went on and beat Pittsburg in seven. When September 30th comes around, that's what I'm celebrating more than anything else."

Ted remembered birthdays in his living room, surrounded by his family and presents piled high; then this man alone among thousands in the dusk at

Robert F. Kennedy stadium.

At the plate, Dave Nelson slapped a slow grounder past the mound. Baker charged the ball from deep short and just before the scoop, checked to see how far Nelson was down the line. The ball took that opportunity to dive into his stomach and before Baker could recover, Nelson had passed first base and was halfway to the right field corner.

"Alright, alright, alright!" Curt yelled and the cheers around the infield brought customers in line for one last hot dog scurrying back out of the

tunnels.

"I'd love to see that dude steal second." Ted too was on his feet and Curt laughed.

"You getting a little excited, kid? Look to you like the Senators are figuring out a new way to lose? He'll steal second."

"Winning run gonna take a chance like that?"

"With Unser, Ragland, and the pitcher comin up, it might be the only way he's gonna get there. C'mon Unser, fool me for a change."

Unser responded by popping up to second and Nelson remained on the bag at first. As Ragland dug in at the plate, Curt said," That asshole gets picked off first and I swear I'm gonna chase him all the way to Kenilworth dump. You can tell they're waiting for him to lean crooked."

Aker, who had relieved Kekich an inning earlier, flipped the ball non-chalantly to first base to keep Nelson close. The third time his pick-off attempt was quite real and Nelson barely got back through the dirt before the big first baseman's glove slapped him on the back of the neck. Apparently satisfied that Nelson would sit tight for at least a little while, Aker turned his attention to Ragland. He was halfway through his delivery when Nelson put his head down and took off for second.

The infield was a pinwheel of motion, spinning around the pitcher as he spun off the mound. The curve ball came in high and outside and Munson began to come out of his crouch as Baker moved to cover the bag. There was a gentle flow in the motion, motion that turned to frantic scrambling as Ragland sent a white blur through the gaping hole at short.

The sight of the third base coach giving the oh-no-ya-don't sign was the only thing that kept Nelson from trying to make it all the way home on the base hit. Few fans were still in their seats by the time the ball came back to the mound and Tim McGraw was stepping in to pinch-hit for the pitcher.

With the winning run dancing off third, Aker was considerably more deliberate in his delivery. He quickly ran the count to 0-2 and then shook off Munson's sign for a third consecutive fast ball.



McGraw, cold off the bench, was ripe for the ol' curve.

The ol'curve hung like a piece of overripe fruit and McGraw chopped it into right field. Nelson raced home and didn't slow down until he reached the steps of the dugout. There he disappeared into a swirl of uniforms soaked with sweat and faces soaked with laughter that somehow could be heard above the ecstacy of the fans. When Ragland scored moments later on Maddox's double into the left field corner, the scene was played again.

The inning ended; the exhilaration in the dugout and the stands didn't. As the Senators ran out onto the field at the top of the ninth, the scoreboard flashed their two run lead. Fans were dancing in the upper deck or leaving their seats in the shadows to file down to the box seat railings. No one was sitting in the Senators' dugout. The bullpen was quiet. Joe Grzenda walked slowly to the mound looking for the last three outs.

Curt watched it quietly, following each of

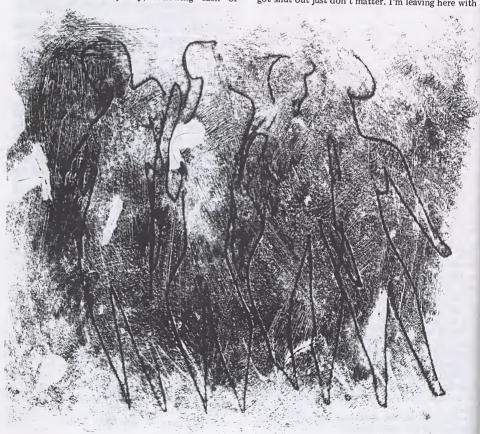
Grzenda's warm-up pitches to the plate. "Only thre more, kid - after all this time it doesn't seem like ver many. Every part of me wants to start celebrating bu I'm not gonna now. I'm gonna sit here and wated Grzenda stick his 1.93 ERA up their ass and when he finishes, well there'll be plenty of time. I want to remember these last three."

"You might be the only one here," Ted said looking around. "Lot of people in here are going crazy."

Michael, the first Yankee batter, stepped in Grzenda wasted no time in pitching. Michael watched three pitches go by, two of the strikes, and ther chopped one toward second. Ragland played the bounce and threw him out by 15 feet.

"How can it mean that much to you?" Ted asked
"After all the time you have sat in that chair and
watched them lose, how can one win mean that much
to you?"

"Kid, every time you start over, all the times you got shut out just don't matter. I'm leaving here with a



weet taste in my mouth. It's how ya walk out that

Alou, pinch-hitting, popped a short fly over hortstop and Harrah squeezed it for the second out. A surprisingly large group of kids had gathered alfway between the left field corner and the Yankee ugout and as Grzenda turned once more to the late, four of them jumped over the railing and arted onto the field.

The home plate umpire halted Grzenda in nid-delivery with an exaggerated time-out signal as everal attendants took off in pursuit of the four. As oon as the attendants left their chairs, a larger group, even or eight, scrambled over the railing in the same pace and set out in the direction of deep center.

"What the hell is going on?" Curt was watching the cene in stunned surprise. Ted had no answer for him. There was scattered booing but then some cheering legan behind first base as several more kids jumped lown on the field. The first and second base umpires ook after a couple of youngsters as they cut toward he infield. There were ballplayers standing in front of both dugouts, watching the show helplessly. Itzenda stood on the mound, yelling and gesturing with his glove, but his words were lost in the lonfusion on the field.

An announcement came over the P.A. system, ordering the field cleared. The only noticeable crowd eaction was twenty more people tripping, falling down onto the grass. Three tumbled over the Senators' dugout and as they dropped to the ground, one of them landed wrong and fell backwards down he dugout steps while his two companions dashed way. Home plate was deserted. The Yankee batter lad gone back to his dugout. Billings had joined irzenda on the mound. The umpire behind the plate was nowhere in sight.

Curt was frantic 'What's going on out there? Get he hell off the field."

The floodgates opened. From all corners of the tadium, fans came streaming onto the field. Within a ninute there were several hundred of them, people nilling everywhere, tearing up handfuls of grass or cooping fists full of infield dirt into their pockets. The P.A. system warned that a forfeit was imminent the field wasn't cleared immediately. No one heard. They were too busy grabbing for Toby Harrah's hat or clawing at first base. Umpires and stadium ttendants grabbed countless kids only to have them quirm away. Grzenda still yelled and gestured. The

ield knew no authority, no order.

Ted watched the scene with morbid fascination.
Then he heard the resigned voice of the P.A. system
York note that the game was over. Forfeit, 9-0, New

Curt was pounding his fist repeatedly into the chair in front of him, unable to control the anger surging hrough him. "Only one more out. That's all, just one nore out... the stupid idiots, the damn idiots. And what the hell is so funny?"

"Don't you see the perfect irony of it?" Ted laughed. "Those are the people that have been sitting here for years watching this team lose every way imaginable. And now, when the Senators had a game won, locked up, the fans lost it for 'em. Can't you sew hat a perfect ending it is? Hell, you should be down there, you've probably been sitting hopelessly in that chair longer'n all of them."

"You're crazy . . . I love this team and I wouldn't . . . "

"Love the team? Look at them down there...sticking dirt in their pockets, eating the grass, digging up home plate. They loved 'em too and wanna remember them."

"Dammit, they only had to wait one more out!"

"They've been waiting fifty-years. Most of 'em got slat marks etched on their rearends from sitting and waiting and losing. The wait's over. C'mon, let's go down there."

"I'm not going anywhere."

"Suit yourself," and Ted climbed over the seat in front of him. He was straddling it when Curt grabbed his arm and pulled him back violently.

"Kid, you're gonna sit right here if I have to put my foot on yer face to keep ya here." Ted saw the viciousness on Curt's face, smelled the beer as he yelled. "I've been listening to your shit this whole game and you don't care about anything... not the Senators, nothing. So you're gonna sit here and you're gonna shut up. You understand that?"

"What's that gonna prove. You think you're the only one who cared about this team? My dad...."

"Kid, I'm sick and tired of hearing about your dad."

They were alone as everyone had left the seats around them for the field or the parking lot. Ted slapped Curt's arm away and pulled himself out of the wooden chair.

"My dad," he repeatedly, slowly, "used to bring me to games every week. One night we were late and my father didn't like to miss the first inning and was speeding up here like crazy. And we ran into someone in just as big a hurry. I got out of the hospital last week. My father's dead. And you know what the last thing he said to me was? Lying there in the middle of the road, he never even opened his eyes. He just said, 'Ah, Ted, they probably would have lost anyway....' All his life, he couldn't have been a better father and he died thinking about losing. He didn't walk out with that sweet taste in his mouth."

Then Curt was alone. He watched the faded coat and jeans grow smaller and disappear on the field. The Longines clock stared back at him and he turned and walked slowly up toward the tunnel. He looked back only once and saw the kid perched on the second base his father must have loved. Then he disappeared into the tunnel, kicking an empty beer cup in front of him, trying to remember where he had parked his car.



# Jamaica



It is difficult to express the experiences of a different culture in words. But we hope that, through poetic phrases written in the rhythm and dialect of Pataw and through these illustrations, you can share with us some sights and sounds of the tropic Jamaic isles.

Zonnie B. & Mena



Many Jamaicans — male, female, young and old — scuffle (or as Americans would say, hustle) as a form of ivelihood.

#### SCUFFLE

Kisko, Kisko, Kisko-Pop The song of the young vender Kisko, Kisko, Kisko-Pop Rings in Kingston tongue,

Dressed in the pants Torn and short Expose his dusty bottom He make the scuffle With Kisko-Pop To buy his piece of life.

Kisko, Kisko Kisko cool it Icy cold and sweet Kisko, Kisko, Kisko cool it Five cents to beat the heat.

- Zonnie B.

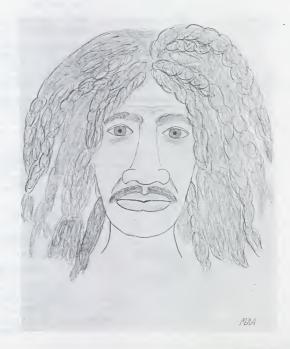
Members of the Rastafarian religion will often be seen on the street corners and around bars talking about and praising their Black Christ.

### RASTA-MAN

Hey Rasta-man With hair medusa red Come speak what's in your head They say you've found an answer For disinherited Blacks A new Black religion With a new Black Christ But God, He is the same (Perhaps a little darker) And you quote His Holy Scriptures But, your Sacrament? For communion You smoke the Holy Herb From the Chalice of Salvation Is this true meditation? And Selassie, your Christ Does not he deny divinity? Hey Rasta-man With hair medusa red Come speak what's in your head.

"How many believed in Jesus Two thousand years ago?"

- Zonnie B.





#### BUSMANI

Papine to Augustown Get pon bus Ban's o' people Ban's o' fuss

The chi-chi bus Nuh give much view But each stop Hear sound that's new

Hang out the window But naw too far Call the boy Buy the Star

Galang lickle pickney Gif ooman seat She work so hard Pon her feet

You feel the heat When we stop Call out the window Buy Kisko-Pop

Papine to Augustown Get off bus Ban's o' people Ban's o' fuss

## Santa Barbara Channel

### by Reg Combs

A lighthouse stands alone on Point Conception Rising out of the rock abruptly Its remorseful horn moans Bellowing drone floating on the creeping mist That is sliced by the electric yellow arm Of the vigilant sea tower Almost reaching the crumbling ocean cliffs of old Arguello Through Gaviota's cold and gull-fouled sands Conception's exclamation point Parodies the Sirens in grotesque song And melancholy captains pilot their obsolete tubs Away from the sharp damp barnacled boulders Prodigiously guarding California's precious hills of molten gold The sea So chilling and frothy With great violence and drama slaps the coastline That stabs back motionless and so jagged In hopeless defiance of Nature's mandate For with each assault of brine and spray The snarling waves retreat carrying their spoil The boil Of the breakers casts its captive objects into disarray Then drags some into oblivious finality And spits the refuse Back onto the ravaged coastline That unflinchingly bears the insult With the unfathomable grace of a bankrupt hidalgo As if the tempest might forsake its havoc-wreaking And glimmer smoothly Against the shoulder of the Land Yet I wait And watch with some interest The attrition and mayhem that proceeds With amoral regularity And try to understand that the lines of this battle Are drawn by a satellite That was not created by men's hands And that peace Is the speech of my own dreams Not the condition of a capricious universe Whose logic is embraced In the flowery orifice of a hungry anemone

So you are poorly named Pacific This frenzy belies a peaceful nature I watch you Pacific gassed electrified Flirtatiously displaying force and energy Like a carelessly flexed adolescent muscle And where are the chains that would bind you What resistors could withstand such capacity Freedom is yours Your power and expanse bask In the solar electric eye The sky Flatters you with a royal coat of blue So you are beautiful And need not beckon with the gentle rolls Slipped onto fine sand beaches Delighting young girls with pleasant shocks Of refreshment and enjoyment Nor lull my senses with such delicious monotony and certainty Like some huge overpowering Lethe Flood of opiates I have loved you and your Nature matriarch Yet I cannot resist feeling Somehow Betrayed Perhaps through no fault that I might comprehend Nor any decayed sensation Nevertheless I love you still And shall forever For Nature programmed me as she did you And we are one Our communion fulfils us in uniqueness Both dispelling and creating my confusion (That oh Conception All your watery blood cannot clear) As I recall my youthful exuberance Thoughtless and passionate I permitted your cradling embraces As I was washed And tossed

And blanketed by a spray of rainbows I licked my salty skin with boyish relish

The waves propelled me with authority That I naturally assumed benevolent As restless as those cloudless days

Your appearance of constancy is deceptive

That time's swift escape has not changed me

To the delight of a too often burdened heart I cannot ignore what you have become In my conscious consideration of your nature And my nostalgia for absolute certainty

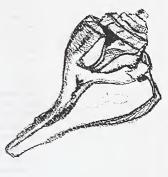
Like a streaming rocket

I return to you now

I shall not pretend

And while I might frolic As a boy would











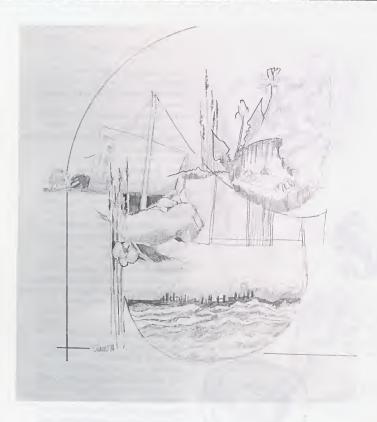




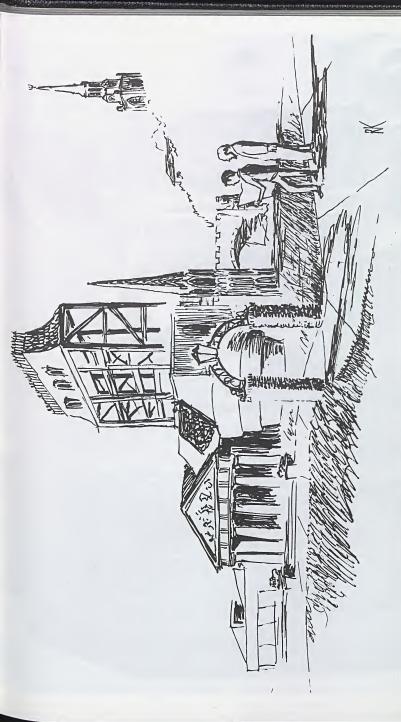
I am drowned in you Pacific And your majesty your might your size Force me Once again to confront the howling grin Your curled lips Giggling without mercy yet so compellingly You are bounded By the rocks on which I stand Only a hand's span of space On the charts of ancient navigators A mere speck on the star maps to be But my finitude Oh The sky has swallowed us both You foolish Pacific can never realize But I must see myself As I see you In that instant all the aspiration Summation of value hope and admiration Blunder meaninglessly about my tired brow Mental plankton of the ages Self-esteem Pacific Now self-esteme Flutters away on the back of a ray My limbs are leaden And you are a blue steel sheet On which my silver ball-bearing dreams Bounce with an empty clang Thud with actuality And stop The lazy gravness rolls in with the fog Under a crumpled raincoat The whole of human enterprise So warm and beautiful And worthwhile Oozes from my loving grasp It just doesn't matter Nothing really does Still you go on and on As far as the eve can see Beyond the line where you touch the sky Where the sun sleeps red And the new clouds lie Conception suffers To that primal point of infinity where comic touches tragic You thrash yourself mad

And don't know what's happening here

I don't either But I believe it's magic



And I go on too Though you may not notice Allowing myself happiness in that beauty Which is in everything Not always so obvious as we might wish But there for the asking We color the earth and stars With our own perception And the richness of blessed experience Each place and each moment A phenomenal beginning Endless novelty of form and circumstance Which only the unimaginative could reject So dance My fluid floor show Fast Perhaps the ironic wind will be your partner I think a friend is coming And I hear rock and roll The spell is cast A smile And my gloom disintegrates Because it's only the Santa Barbara Channel And I just touched that dial



"YES; I BELIEVE SOMETHING WAS SAID TO THE EFFECT THAT THE TRUSTEES WOULD MAKE SOME LAST MINUTE CHANGES IN THE PLANS FOR THE FINE ARTS BUILDING"



# The Flag at Eighteen

### Golfing at Wake Forest

If all legends and dramas begin with irony, the istory of golf at Wake Forest should begin in 1946, a hotel room outside Athens, Georgia. Prior to orld War II, there had been golf at Wake Forest, but ithout scholarships or funding by the athletic epartment, its reputation was a dismal one if it had a

putation at all.

The first round of the Southern Intercollegiates <sup>ad</sup> just been completed and Jim Weaver, Wake orest's athletic director, was sitting in a hotel room rith several other men from competing schools, acluding the University of North Carolina and Duke. he men were discussing the shortage of caddies at he tournament and someone—undoubtedly a arolina fan—remarked that the Wake Forest golfers hight as well caddie since they certainly weren't laying that much golf.

Weaver turned to the man and said, "I'll make you at those words." He then set out to make his

romise good.

The irony does not end yet. After reapportioning he athletic department budget in order to give the olf program a much needed financial boost, Weaver ent out recruiting. He was primarily interested in a id from Maryland named Buddy Worsham. Worsham as interested in Wake Forest but he told Weaver that e wanted to play college golf with a friend of his rom Pennsylvania.

"How good is he?" Weaver asked Worsham.

"He's better than I am."

"Okay," Weaver shrugged. "Bring him along and

Il find a nail to hang him on."

The kid from Pennsylvania was Arnold Palmer, and with the same nail, the building of the Wake Forest olf program began. At that time, Wake Forest elonged to the old Southern Conference and in 1948 nd 1949, Palmer won the conference championships. the play of Palmer and Worsham, his roomate, Propelled Wake Forest to a 7th place finish in the '49 CAA Championships and Palmer won the individual NCAA crowns both that year and in 1950.

Jesse Haddock entered Wake Forest in 1947 and although he knew nothing more about golf than what drives past country clubs had shown him, he became friends with Worsham and Palmer. Before too long he was rooming with them in a house on the old campus called the Colonial Club. Yet Haddock was so busy with a job as student manager over at the gym that he rarely had the time to attend golf matches.

The friendship between the three was soon cruelly disrupted. Buddy Worsham was killed in the fall of 1950 when the car he was driving missed a bridge and disappeared into the Neuse River. Worsham had been returning to campus from a dance in Durham with a basketball player named Gene Scheer; their bodies were not found until the following morning. Worsham's death shook Palmer severely. Haddock recalled, "I'll never forget the morning they put Buddy on the train to return to Maryland. It was a cold and dreary day at the station. Arnold rode back with the body."

Palmer finished out the year at Wake Forest, then withdrew for a tour of duty with the Coast Guard. When he returned in 1953, Haddock had graduated and was working under athletic director Jim Weaver. The two renewed their friendship and became guite close in a year that saw Arnold capture the first ACC championship.

In the summer of '54, Palmer won the U.S. Amateur in Detroit and the victory convinced him that he could no longer ignore the advantages of a professional career. Without graduating, he turned pro and temporarily ended, for all intents and purposes, Wake Forest's standing as one of the nation's best collegiate teams.

Between 1955 and 1960, golf at the university featured Horace "Bones" McKinney, the head basketball coach, moonlighting as golf coach. The team was relatively successful, winning three ACC team championships and two individual crowns. However the team was never in the national limelight and when McKinney's basketball team became a national contender, "Bones" left the golf post. On March 1,1960, Jesse Haddock replaced him.

"Golf at Wake Forest has been in two waves," Haddock said. "After Arnold left, golf fell off. What little aid we had in golf was taken away by the athletic department and given to the football team."

Arnold Palmer was the first wave of golf at Wake Forest; he opened the door for Jesse Haddock to create the second. Since the night of Worsham's death, Palmer had considered the idea of a scholarship in memory of his roommate. A short time after winning the 1960 Masters, Arnold paid Haddock a visit.

"I told him we didn't have much scholarship aid for the golf program," Haddock said. "We could not compete just with the student body. I explained the problem to Arnold.

"I felt that golf could be a sport parallel to Wake Forest, with all its prestige and class. After I told him we needed aid, Arnold had his business manager, Mark McCormick, send us a check. The Buddy Worsham Scholarship started off with \$500 but the scholarship had more value than the monetary part. The word went around that Arnold Palmer, the great Arnold Palmer, was affiliating himself with the golf program at this university."

Haddock admits that it took him three years to get the golf programmoving in the right direction. It took him that much time to smooth over his inexperience and acquaint himself with the people that he was going to work with and the high school students that he wanted to bring to Wake Forest.

Jay Siegel and Ken Foulkes were the first big recruits that Haddock brought to Wake Forest, the latter as a recipient of the first Buddy Worsham scholarship. Both golfers were snatched from the University of Houston. Siegel transferred to Wake Forest after one semester at Houston and Foulkes decided on Wake Forest at the last minute, when his luggage had already been shipped to Houston. Foulkes had been offered complete basketball and golf scholarships at several universities, but came to Winston-Salem with only a partial. Haddock was still fighting for all the money he could get.

As a recruiter, Haddock has had almost unparalleled success. When approaching prospective high school golfers, the coach emphasizes "both the school and myself." He also invests the help of famous golfing alumni, particularly Palmer. Haddock notes that Palmer had been helpful to the program because "Arnold symbolizes success. However, as far as personal contact, he doesn't have the time."

Haddock has never hesitated to approach young men, regardless of their golfing ability. Many collegiate coaches are embarrassed to approach superior golfers because of their school's golf program, but Haddock feels that the tradition of golf at Wake Forest speaks for itself. "With the program

we have and the school we have," he noted, "I the we deserve the best talent."

Nor has Haddock ever discouraged anyone fivisiting other schools. "I tell players that seeing of schools and talking to other coaches will convite them that Wake Forest is the place they want to be

"When I was trying to recruit Lanny Wadkins 1968," Haddock said, "I encouraged him to wother schools. The week of the big UCLA - Hous basketball game in the Astrodome, Houston invitanny to come down. During the game they put name up in lights in the million dollar scorebothey have down there." Despite the impressive tac Wadkins proved Haddock's confidence well-pla and enrolled at Wake Forest that fall.

The Wake Forest golf team of 1969, Wadk freshman year, had to be one of the most awest collegiate teams that has ever played together. university has had twenty-two All-American gol through the years and that year six of them – J Lewis, Joe Inman, Leonard Thompson, La Wadkins, Mike Kallam, and Steve Walker – pla together. In the spring of '69 they won their the consecutive ACC championship and head confidently into the NCAA championships Broadmoor Country Club in Colorado Springs.

Led by Lewis, Inman, and Thompson, all of wh were now seniors, the team had played well in 1967 and 1968 national championships, finishing and 3rd. They arrived at Broadmoor listed as one the favorites. The team recovered from a mediopening round to shoot in the next two rounds whaddock described as "the best golf we ever played a team. We took an eight shot lead into the fround."

Since most of the Wake Forest individual scowere among the leaders, the players were scheduto go off in the early afternoon. Houston, sitting second place, sent most of its team out during morning round and though they shot fairly wake still had the tournament well in hand.

Haddock still remembers quite vividly whappened in the early afternoon. "Thompson, Inm Wadkins, and Lewis were going to go off one rafter the other. And I'll never forget, as Lewis wall up to the first tee, you could see those fir trees to bend."

From somewhere, perhaps a forgotten sand trafa grove of restless trees, a windstorm came upnever quit. The Wake Forest scores averaged close 80. "We were fortunate to finish second," Hadd said. "It was just one of those things. That day Broadmoor was the most disappointing I've known because of the storm that came up. But it an act of God and what could you do?"

The coach had little time to reflect on the stral happenings at Broadmoor for 1970 was a rebuild year. Inman, Thompson, and Lewis all gradual "My only outstanding player was Wadkins," Haddi reflects.



Yet the golf team charged into the 1970 NCAA championships at Scarlet Course in Columbus, Ohio and entered the final round once again in the lead. Wadkins and Houston's John Mahaffy were battling for the individual crown going into the final round; with nine holes left to play, the two, playing together, were tied.

By that point, the team had begun to waver as the pressure finally began to weigh upon their inexperience, and Haddock was trying to keep this news from Wadkins. "I knew that Lanny would start pressing when he found out the team was down," Haddock said. "I knew it would be a great psychological burden on him, so when he asked me at the turn how the team stood, I just said 'We're doing

all right."

So many of Haddock's memories are bright clear pictures and as he talked about those final nine holes, he left his office and slipped back out on the Scarlet Course. "It was a par 5, the 3rd hole on the back side and Lanny was on the left side of the green in two. I could see him looking around trying to find me in all the people. When he finally did, he asked me again about the team. I just shook my head, and I remember that his shoulders just dropped like everything had come out of him."

Wadkins went on to press, trying to gain all of Wake's shots back: Mahaffy went on to win the tournament. "If the team had been stronger, Lanny would have won," Haddock said. "He put the team first and I'm sure he lost that psychological advantage when he found out the team was doing poorly. He was a tremendous player."

In 1971, Jim Simons became eligible after transferring from Houston, and he and Wadkins led the team to a 4th place finish in the NCAA's at Tucson. The team might have finished higher had not the 109 degree heat worn down Simons and Wadkins, both of whom had played in the British Amateur and the U.S. Open in much colder weather the previous two weeks. Simons finished 2nd in the Amateur at Carnustie in Scotland and had led the Open at Merion after 63 holes, before eventually finishing 5th.

Wadkins turned professional in the summer of '71, like Palmer before graduating. As always when this happens, there were some questions and criticisms regarding Lanny's decisions, most of which Haddock

thought were unfair.

"You have to tell the whole story," he said. "A golfer is an artist-athlete. There is a technique to hitting a golf ball. You don't have to just muscle it. You are an artist in performing and you are an athlete in competition. Yet most of our schools are not designed for the performing arts.

"A degree is important to the average person but we are not talking about the average person. I'm talking about an unusual person. I think it's important to have a degree, and I'm sure the golfers who left before graduating wish they had one. But at the same time, these four years are only what it can do for the rest of your life. There are a lot of people with a piece of paper and a degree that have not made a contribution to their school or to the world in which they live . . . while others who did not have the opportunity to get a degree are contributing a lot more."

As to his part in a golfer's decision to leave prior to graduation, Haddock added, "I do what is best for the individual and if it is the best for him, and if it's honest, then it's truly best for everybody else, including Wake Forest."

Despite a 20th place finish in the '73 national championships, Wake Forest was only a man or two away from having the finest golf team in the country. Haddock erased this discrepancy when he brought Bob Byman and Curtis Strange to Winston-Salem as co-recipients of the Buddy Worsham Memorial Scholarships.

Haddock's perceptive talents and Wake Forest's reputation were the main features that brought the two to the university. Lanny Wadkins was Haddock's ambassador to Strange but the coach in unsure how great an influence Wadkins was; he believed that Curtis decided, possibly as early as/age 15, that Wake Forest was the place for him.

"Byman, the "72 USGA Juniors champion, was probably known more coast to coast than any high school player in the country," Jesse said. "Bob told all callers he was interested in but three schools—Stanford, Texas, and Wake." The University's

academic prestige and playing in a practice rowith Arnold Palmer were fundamental in Bymchoice. But Haddock added, "He told me once to fall the coaches he talked to, I impressed him most." And with those words, there was a quiet of pride resting in his eyes that was unmistakable.

Golf World, the only magazine in the country to adequately covers collegiate golf, had Wake For rated as the second best team in the country bethe Florida prior to the opening round of the 18 NCAA championships at Carlton Oaks Country Conson in San Diego. The team had a small handicap for the start as they were the only one of the top competitors who had not familiarized themsel with the course in a tournament two weeks earlier any case, Golf World's rating seemed quite so when Wake Forest entered the final round of tournament five shots behind Florida.

The deficit would have been greater if Cu Strange hadn't set a course record during the thround enroute to shooting a 65. In the natio championships, as in most collegiate tournamer each team has five men competing. The scores of top four count. In other words, one man can poorly without hurting his team's chances. More thone can't.

Florida had entered the third round with a for stroke lead over Wake Forest and ten shots up Houston. Florida's fifth man had already shot hims out of the tournament but their top four played with incredible consistency during the round with two 73 and two 73's. Wake had begun the third round will five members separated by only three sho However, Byman's 76 and 77's by Thore a Argabrite could have opened the door for a Florirun-away if Strange hadn't responded with incredible round.

Curtis played the front nine in five under and may properly up for his first bogey on 12 with another birdie at 1 He left the 15th green with another bogey hower and at the 16th tee apparently decided to stomessing around. He slammed irons to within ten a three feet on 16 and 17 for birdies and almost eagles to end with 65 and keep Wake close.

The same consistency that marked Florida's play round three propelled Wake to the top in the fit round. When Andy Bean, one of Florida's top for shot 79 the pre-tourney favorites were in troub when Bill Argabrite, Wake's 5th man, finished front nine one under, a lot of the pressure was take off the rest of the team.

The scene has been replayed many times but the still remains an inextinguishable drama about the final hole of the championship. As Strange alforida's Gary Koch, the last group, stood on the stood on the stood on the stood of the stroke. In the stood of the stroke individual crown, Strange and Koch we both four under for the tournament, one strobehind Koch's teammate, Phil Hancock.

The 18th is an uphill battle, 540 yards, with



light dogleg. Both Strange and Koch hit lengthy tee hots and when Koch hit a three wood to the back of he green for his second shot, there was no doubt that urtis had to produce what the twenty handicappers would call "one hell of a shot."

Strange hesitated for a moment in choosing a club. Then he pulled out his one iron and sent his shot on he fly 250 yards to the front of the green. When it topped rolling the ball was eight feet from the cup. When Koch left his chip shot short, Curtis knew hat he could two-putt and still assure Wake Forest's ictory. He said later that he was doing his best to be in the safe side, to simply lag the ball up to the cup. But the ball slipped up to the cup with a mind of its law, rolled around the edge and dropped, giving trange an eagle and the individual championship.

And Wake Forest had its first national hampionship and undisputed claim to the country's inest golf team.

In the aftermath of the eagle on Carlton Oak's 8th, when the golf team was a mass of gold and white and arms flung around one another, the nessage that Jesse Haddock has emphasized to every foung man to play for him and for the university ever equite clear.

"Playing for Wake Forest is more than individual ride," he emphasizes. "You are inheriting onething. You are inheriting a program that has hready been made into something very significant and you must compliment it. You must add to it, and ake from it. I contribute. You must contribute. The laking of this program has depended on a lot of cople—the Arnold Palmers, the Jay Siegels, the Ken voulks, many people—and they are proud of it. hey are proud of what they inherited. You may not

be the best player but everybody can make a contribution."

For Bill Argabrite, who is entering his final year of playing golf for Wake Forest, the coach's attitude has been particularly helpful. "I have always wanted so badly to play for Wake Forest," Bill said. "I knew that if I came to school here, I'd be able to play with the best amateurs in the country. I knew I'd be able to learn and to contribute to the golf program. And I wanted to be part of a program that has the tradition that Wake Forest's does.

"But golf can be very difficult for me. I can't relax, not like Jay and Curtis do. I'm so much more aware of the pressure when playing for Wake Forest than when playing as an individual. You're representing so much. It's a serious thing. The coach has really helped me with that, to learn to live with myself. It's just a game of golf."

"This is the thing I try to instill," Haddock said.
"As time has gone by, it's shown me one thing in particular. Every day is today. And I think a lot of today's young people want to be an individual, a part of something that has quality. This is what I think Wake Forest has."

The history of golf at Wake Forest is in a way a collection of ideals. It is the success of Arnold Palmer, the unselfishness of Larry Wadkins, the dreams of Bill Argabrite, and the low-keyed pride of a coach who dearly loves Wake Forest and has done his utmost to make her golf program synonymous with the glory he sees in her. Perhaps it's a little bit more—like a windstorm that came up from nowhere, something that will be talked about on the 18th green along with the scores that might have been, for a long long time.



### An Anthem at Night

itting beneath the stars

n a green mouth of the earth,

ut somewhere beyond the wrecks,

he wrecks smiling with lips curled outward

and turning blue inward;

vatching the epitome of the smiles

un grey with night

md become the shadows of the deep pines;

stening to the vibration of something deeper,

eneath me.

Ind I lay down and spread out my arms

pon the grass,
and pulled the mouth to my ear
a the silence of listening,
oping to hear the silence speak,
oping to see the dream of hearing it.
waiting

waiting ind not breathing waiting, waiting

nd not questioning, etting it come from the depths in long, old, lonely hunks of cries that turned to long old, lonely naked spires of screams,

from nothingness that once was all, from all that became nothing to the outside where light smacked light

and night left night for the light of stars to smack it dry.

And the scream came;

he scream came harsh and maddened,

with bright collected spars

hat glistened white hot among the tears of death,

and inside the cold, red tears of the blood

it shall have to shed in centuries

eft;

And the cries rose high beneath the skies, and within me among the trees now running mad that anthem came-

A star!
Of a star!
And I becan

And I became a world-a world-to bear other worlds

on top of me,

letting them be simple to the freedoms of all that is simple, and complete to the prisons of all that is complete;

companion to the new-born and the dying, a cradle always and not a master in their eyes.

I wish to come.
I wish to stand.
I wish to mount the mountains of myself
and fly again among my clouds,
and grow old with myself as to what I have become.
Please, you, tell me,
when I am dead,
where among the stars of space
shall you bury me?
And where among myself shall you plant my speech of destiny,
infinity-finality-dust?

M. Pate

Segments from "It was so easy"

And nothing could be done to justify it. People came down the sidewalk and looked at it. spoke words over it to each other and listened to the sirens growing closer. And the men came up to it and wondered how to take it back while hoses from the firetrucks cleaned up the street. and someone said that it was fantastic to see him fly downwards, descending like a soundless swan that made an eclipse of the sun for him. And to see the flash of him, becoming it, and it becoming the definition of finality.

Mike Pate

they're building a mountain of dirt tall from which the little boys can take turns and fall. they re digging a hole in the ground deep into which the old men can take turns and creen: they re doing this all before my eves they're doing this while the mother cries

Bill Hinman

waiting, that's all, waiting yellow walls staring down. cursing the black overweight whore for her power over me for her refusal to ring was that a footstep at the door? no, only the radio joining in the fun of watching me wait. empty ashtrays, empty chairs, empty coffee-pot give it a minute and this damn pen will run out of ink run out on me and leave me with nothing but the window staring at me, its panes the eye of some gigantic housefly that just swallowed the gym, and an ear straining for a glimpse of her and a radio that reminds me of winter evenings when there were no moments to wait. time hung from the branches like fresh snow dropping on her mittens upon her tongue as it searched for mine orange silver clouds

was that a footstep at the door? no, only the hallway creaking, laughing while the black bitch naps and with the yellow walls, i wait

by Stephen Duin

Arle never could ride a horse. Arle lost his leg when eight and god knows he still can't find itbut he can feel it. he can reach down to scratch and he will scream holy hell at nothing, at yesterday when it hit that fence strung tight as a brown bow, stinging and springing the sound of his blood a hundred yards upon the fields. But Arle is a good man, sitting, coming from the years a cripple-And God knows Arle can ride a horse like a squall from hell.

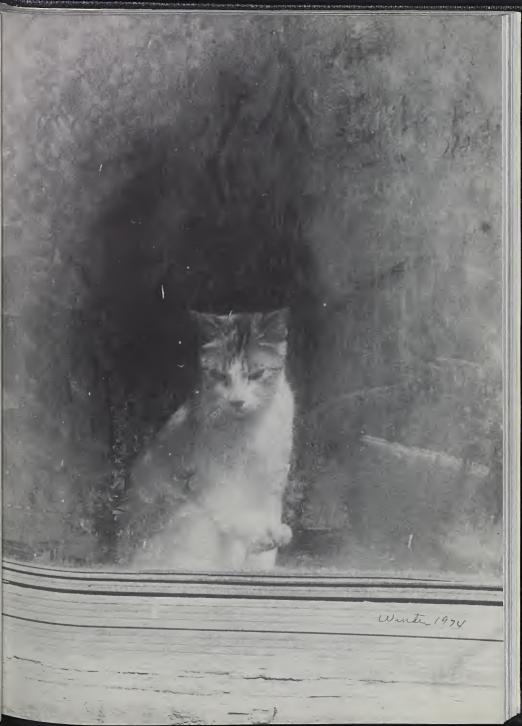
M. Pate

my love is strong
I am wrong
waiting
so long
to give you this song
Forgetting to
remind
you
I love
my family

Clifford Robinson







# The Student Winter 1974

# 1974-75 Literary Gontest Award Winners

The Cover: First Place in Photography - Peter O. Evenson

The Student Magazine is published four times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University, with funds provided by the University and the North Carolina Arts Council. It is a non-profit organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community. Contributions may be brought by our offices in Room 224, Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. The Student is printed by the Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

The Student Magazine Literary Contest was held in the fall this year so that the final two issues of the magazine could benefit from the people the editors dreamed of discovering among the piles and piles of entries. It is safe to say that no one anticipated the flood of material that would wind its way to Room 224, Reynolda Hall. The first day of November found 17 short stories, 109 poems, and over 60 photographs waiting to be reviewed.

In the pages that follow, you will find on the one hand, the winners of the contest. Yet in that hand that's hidden behind the back, there are glimpses of life through misted windows or among Iowa cornfields, that pen and photograph only begin to capture; or rather, capture so completely that when the page is turned, you

are still lost in the picture, woundering when you were there before.

There were more poems than there were prizes so we filled the middle of the magazine with them, making prizewinners out of readers.

Thanks go to those who helped the editors in judging the contest - A. R. Ammons, Pete Bonnette, Tyler Cox, Dillon Johnston, Albert Brownlee Rives, Terry Weary, and John York.

The writing has been done, the entries judged; now it's up to you.

Enough said. Turn the page . . .



editor
steve duin
associate editor
judy haughee
staff
tom phillips
p. d. q. hemingway
tyler cox
jo o'neal
terry weary
jo ellen humphries
mark yandle
betsy gilpin
art

# First Place in Poetry - Michael Beightol

A certain aura surrounds the corn-fed burrough of my life, the anticipation of blazing six-shooters and yippy i a ki oh and dental floss farmers high upon the dusty saddle of an International Harvester with a bag of fertilizer in one pocket and a .12 gauge shotgun in the other and potatoes and corn (no less) with candied yams, green-beans, butter and rolls, apple pie with ice-cream from last weekend and wild Canadian goose on the table that was shot this morning, eating carefully to avoid crunching down on buckshot so therefore savoring that certain flavor of a once bird on the wing but no longer free.

I remember a Christmas long ago that consisted of vodka, gin, of Peppermint Schnapps bought on an impulse with the crazy urging of a big fat kid who lost his father to a fling and a mother who now lay dying on a large four poster bed with a colorful, almost cheerful quilt for a friend and wheelchair, crutches, and braces as silent sentinels for a lost cause. Of three to a bed as the howling wind blew across the plain, through the barn, among the trees, brisking into a window and invading my privacy under the covers.

Summers were short, sweet, and cool and dips at the country club with poolside chats while you shared a spoon and ate a Hershey bar in the sun and always being the little cousin for the summer of parties and sleeping in a field away from lights, cars, people and sharing God with someone while you stared at the stars. I remember one long jump from a train trestle into a serene prairie river below and breaking the calm by screaming shit on the way down and then plunging through the water and intruding on a silent, peaceful, dark world and suddenly realizing the absurdity of your just previous assult on the calmness



## Second Place in Poetry - Mike Pate

### Old Dog-The Summer Lion

I come to remember him as I stand under these wet sourwood trees of June, wanting only to find the lost boundaries of his grave. hearing only his lonely howls that are still bound to the inter bark of hollow trees, deep resounding echoes haunting those cold, grey marshes, seeing only his yellow muzzle down, scattering leaves and low brairs-his eyes unseeing, leaving sigh and sound for the smell of prey, passing out of thought into a black-of-blood passion, into an ancient-made throat of red that whimpered wild for more, and into a heart that all but quivered blind. I come to remember that he seemed to trust the level of my gunwhere he would change course at the sound of its blast and come to sniff at the warm death hooked well under and then turn to go on again until the day gave way to the first light of stars. Then, suddenly, quietly, he was thirteen years old, scarred and battered, less than a shadow in dry sage, less than weak ice that melts by noon. Suddenly he became a summer that I could not remember. a sun-dog, an orange-fanged lion dog that died by the south side of the barn.

outside past midnight in the swing moving in a circle

over wet grass

a full moon follows me

through the branches

stars so faint you have to look away to see begin to pierce the roof of clouds

> a single star circles almost above but over to the side making trails that glow

where it has been

white on gray

in the pale bright light hazy shadows cast from luminous boughs stooping to warm

me

Joe Sallenger

The Dying of the Geese

"Goddamn, it fell right into my hands. In fifty odd years o-hunting never had no goose up and die without no shot."

And the geese close the indifferent whole.

Because the eternal mind weaves the chain of homestead, beating deep within their blood, the gulf of Mexico.

And at the passing of winter, a gander, in the marsh mourns the hole in his periphery.

Doug Abrams

Sitting Against The Cold Drink Box

Asphalt crows step smoothly from one cotton cloud to the next

"Baby, I need your lovin'" idles the jukebox in the yellow sweat pool hall.

In front of Hank Yearbee's gas station and general store, kids thumb marbles.

A car passes and the ochre dust settles onto the bare backed children.

Leroy Harris is walking in broken shuffles toward me and my seat on the cold drink box.

"What're you writin', boy?"
"A poem."

John Gregory

AWARDS IN POETRY:

JOHN GREGORY CLIFFORD ROBINSON DOUG ABRAMS JOE SALLENGER MIKE PATE Sammy had a cat named Ransack who ran off like a yellow streak iust like that after rats and things and one spring a Cadillac hit him square in the side killed him and Sammy cried and buried him on the south side of his grandpa's house but then summer came and grandpa wanted a cement driveway and Sammy had to find his tomcat named Ransack another place to lay but two feet down Sammy found that his tomcat named Ransack was already gone just like that after god and things

M. Pate

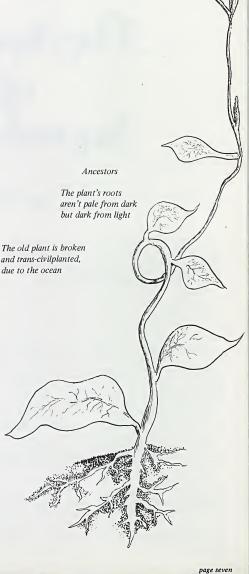
and trans-civilplanted, due to the ocean

growing deep deep and steep so deep away from the sun

new roots grow away from the old roots to the light

young plant dries weak from the light keeping strong from the dark growing farther away going closer away to the light. still keeping strong from the dark.

Clifford Robinson



# The Aqua Legend of the Snowdown Kids

by Mike Pate

Listen.

Tomorrow the River comes closer to its end. From its birth to its death nothing stops it.

Listen.

It grows.

Listen.

It dies in the sea.

I shadow a rock and whisper into its depths a secret it shall never know. I push my mind into the blackness its core. I say—"There is light on the outside." It replies—"There is no ugliness inside my blackness, no narr paths. There is no movement toward a goal nor toward an end. There is no hurry as I become minute particles sand. My children all will see the light and feel the contentment of peace as they spread outwards and onwar There is a part of me in each of them, and when I am worn but to a tiny grain of sand myself, I will be a chijust as they are children. Can you do this with your special secret?"

I then looked at the beautiful woman beside me, with whom I make my love, and I saw my children play in the river below me. And for some reason I suddenly began to wonder—"Who knows?"

The peacock looked back at me with a mad, frightened eye. He had little feathers on his head that look between those minute fans women dancers use to hide their bodies with.

There was a cane-break dog, a river dog, with stiff, brown fur and dark, wet eyes, who ate with yellow tee the scraps he found and fought twenty times a day with twenty different dogs. No one claimed him, nor would anyone ever want to. When he ventured too far into someone's yard and was spotted, he instantly felt a barro of kicks, birdshot and cursing, and then was usually chased for long distances by the children and their of dogs. And one would see him sometimes in the twilight, standing on one of those bare hilltops above friver—just standing there, looking this way and that, until the darkness pushed his silhouette into an invisil shade of black.



It was sometime in his eleventh year that he met his end. He was dragging what was left of a deer carcass out the river just as a pack of young mongrels saw him. The fight lasted for only a moment, leaving him to bleed death, whimpering and crawling from the tangled howls—like all the yesterdays he had known.

A week later the river rose, swept him out of the reeds and into the deep curls of cruel brown rapids. You hight have seen him, as I did, twisting this way and that, until the waters pushed his scattered body into an hvisible shade of yellow and unforgettable shade of white.

Jim an' Denny wus down by th' river a' cuttin' them jackpines off ole man Tucker's place when all a' sudden it commenced t' rainin' an' lightenin th' worst you ever seen. Ole Jim yelled at Denny t' git th' hell outta thar tun down t' th' lumber truck where's they could keep from gitten struck. Well they uz a' runnin' an' ole Denny he fell a couple a' three times on th' way an' just as he fell agin this here big bolt a' lightenin' come oppin' down. Well ole Jim, all he done wuz see ole Denny fall an' lyin' on th' ground a whimperin' an' beginin' jump around, an' he just knowed he done got struck by that bolt. What really happen'd though wuz Denny and fell on this here stump an' he didn't never hear that crack a' lightenin'. He just jumped around, half laughin' shalf cryin' with his hands on private matters, an' took t' runnin' like a buck yearlin' down through th' holtar half cryin' with his hands on private matters, an' took t' runnin' like a buck yearlin' down through th' holtar be just stood thar in that drivin' rain an' hollered like hell fer ole Denny, cause he wuz his brother an' all, an' then too, there uz at least two loads a' pulpwood that they 'uz t' load. Hell, how wuz Jim t' load all that wood by hisself. He just stood there in th' rain though—an' hollered.

Ole Denny wuz in the deep woods. He wuz still nursin' his wounds when th' rain stopped comin' down an' he didn't give one damn about no wood ner brother ner nothin' cept his future. Why what would Sally do if he were ruint? Well, she wann't much, but she wuz all he had. Anyway, thar weren't as much stingin' down thar as before an' th' rain had done let up. Why sure, he wuz feelin' better, not too bad now. He'd just walk on back

home an' lay down fer a spell an' by mornin' everthin' 'ud be alright.

When Denny did git back thar was Jim, standin' on th' doorstep, wringin' his hands an' talkin' fifty-mile an hour t' Sally bout all that happen'd down in th' woods. An' thar wuz Sally, gitten all worried an' almost t' tears cause Denny done run off like he did. But when she seen Denny limpin' up across th' yard, she let out a big yell, knocked Jim half down an' run up t' Denny cryin' all over th' place, almost knockin' him down too.

"Aw Sally, it's alright." said Denny. "It's alright honey. Just a little scratch. Now, now—don't you go t'

eryin'."

The next day Denny took Sally and the kids fishing on the river. My wife and I watched them for a long time. I saw a large bird standing just a few yards away. It was a peacock.

Jacob was standing lust a few yards away. It was a petceching the winter bringing the worst snow anyone had seen in years. Since there was no wind nor flakes that could hit him, he might as well of been looking through a giant window into that cold, violent morning. Below him lay. New River, frozen in spots, sweeping briskly over

the grey, white capped rocks offering no warmth whatsoever to Jacob. Yet he loved it, the cold that is, becault had come so quickly and unmercifully, just like the thunderstorms of summer—like a lost phantom, breaking out of its long sleep to silence the boredom of November rains and sing of ghosts and mysteries.

Jacob had been watching the river for quite a long time when he suddenly caught sight of a .movement higher up on the opposite ridge. It was a deer—a buck with a huge rack, tripping down the slope. "It'll try cross." he thought with excitement. "Got t' see it for it gits away."

He was almost to the river bank when he saw the buck again. It was still on the other side, moving back a forth along the first rifts of rock, hesitating to jump on to what appeared to be a log jamb. Fear flew into Jace It wasn't a log jamb, but an old, ripped-up junk car, strewn with coils of barbed-wire that some farmer he dumped only a month before. Just as the buck started to jump Jacob let out a yell and began to run wild through the reeds, stumbling and scrambling to make it turn back, but before he could see whether or not heard him he fell headlong into a snow-covered swamp. His head went under along with the rest of him, at when he came back up the cold almost blacked him out. "To th' house! To th' house!" he thought in a frant waste of words. But the faster he tried to run the slower his legs seemed to move. His lungs burned within his and he tore at his outer jacket, stripping it off with numb, almost useless fingers. His hair began to freeze again his ears and every flake of snow seemed like a needle popping into his cheeks. Everything was going far awa Then a door slammed into his face and his mother's hands grabbed him up, jerking every last thread off of body, screaming at the top of her lungs at his stupidness, swatting him and swirling scaulding, hot water all of his legs, arms and back. Then there was a blanket and a soft chair, and a deep, warm fire that blazed out at his from the hearth.

For a time he dozed—flowed back and forth from white nightmares to black nightmares, from scenes beauty to those of horror—and finally froze to the new sound of his mother's words. "Jim, you know that be almost got himself froze? He come in here almost gone fer good. He's in there by th' fire right now—yeh, betwee—" Jacob stared up and saw his father looking at him through the cracked door. Then he came in pointed stiff finger at Jacob, frowned and said, "Don't you know yeh could a' got killed? could a' died boy?" Jacob turned away and saw the buck again. Everything in the room was warm, gold, and brown.

The last thing the peacock did was fly out at me, with a thousand blues and trembling greens, with eyes like claws that struggle deep within the stars. It struck me, speared me, then tumbled into death screams that echoed flat against the tattered backs of dead wings.

And the last thing the deer felt
Was a smack of fire,
And a rush of depths.
He saw the fast kiss of pain
And the sad lips of life,
whispering,
'Where you going'?
Where you gonna be today?''

And the fish spun out of the water, flashing for only a few seconds. And he hadn't decided that he wanted live when he found himself being pulled along by some unknown force—being hurt by something he had J<sup>U</sup> eaten. The body of him was one thought, straining towards one action and away from another. His was feg pain, insanity, and hate. How could he ever feel the excitement in my blood as I fought him for his life? And be could he ever know how divided I was between keeping him and giving him back to the river? I stood there, will him securely in my hand, looking into his eye, seeing myself—a bloated, figured face on a glazed, convex surface. Then I let him slip out of my fingers and watched his body flicker away beneath a submerged stone.

Afterwards, sitting there on a rock, I wondered if he knew that I was still feeling his freedom swirling around my feet.

And the river says there is a ghost bird, With strange fans of blood, And strangled cries that swallow into stone; Answering to the echoes that have not been born Unwished for, unsought for, Leaving nothing to be unknown; Flying to where the funeral clouds run, And streams foam Once they have touched the front of storms, Touching pure fire to such light feathers. The delta says there is a ghost bird, With frightened talons that clutch the screams Of empty prey-I saw her. I saw her, balancing her fragile eggs On the low, brown clouds that crush the moon.

And out there the sky has ended,
Stars have split in half—
A fourth of them smashed against
the back of oblivion.
You can hear them rumbling,
And slicing nebulas,
Before the moist eyes of old children,
Within the dry mouths of the young dead.

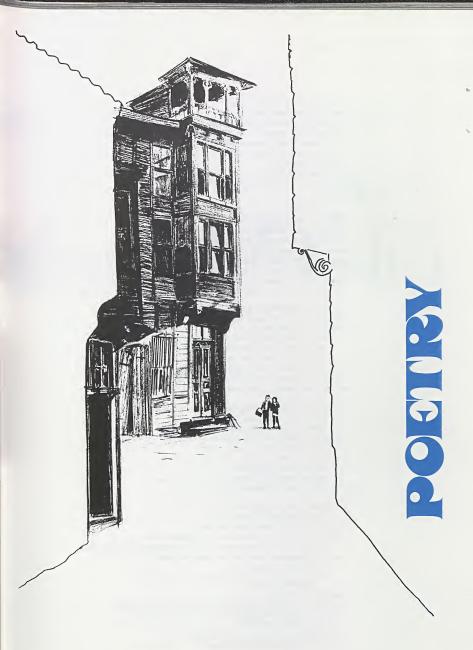
Listen.





Listen. Silver gifts drift like drowned ships Upon the noise of sad wounds; And the tragic stars, fast with tragic smiles Bend down to push the waters on, And after ten thousand years on an unmoved land, A pebble falters and comes again to lie Beneath a liquid world, a silent world, Where tomorrow laughs its sorrows into tears. If flies beyond, And pulls into its wings the promise Of what the stone shall know; (to watch and to grow, to remember and to flow upon a river of ashes through the pinions of snow.)

Listen.
It dies in the sea.



straining to see just a little farther past Oahu dreams on orange murals and bell telephone signs and candy machines; past people with unfamiliar faces

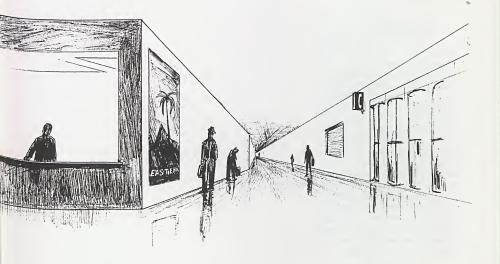
to a bend in the corridor and no farther; with every shape, looking for something unmistakable in a hurried walk: a rich blue uniform or the head with tinges of gray from the hair that mom had always wished would grow a little longer. anything.

i was alone
except for the Eastern ticket agent
who remembered me now.
all the other passangers had disappeared thru the door behind him
and as i glanced out the window
past my dim reflection to blue runway lights and darkness,
he told me there was no more time.
"Just a minute. i know he's coming"
and back to the corridor that a mist was beginning to obscure

and i remembered a moment past remembering when i had come running in with a football under my arm looking for my baseball glove . . . . dad had said i would come to love basketball above them all and i guess i would have told him he was full of dump 'cept i didn't think that way before high school jumped on top of me. he never put a basketball in my hands, merely stuck it out in the hall so i kept tripping over it. and the times became often when i'd pick it up take it around back and chuck it in the general direction of the wooden backboard at the bottom of the driveway. Every time i figured i was getting good, dad would be coming out the back door telling me i could take it out first. Every time he kicked my butt, playing the ol' NBA game pushing, shoving, ramming it thru over my head with me hardly big enough to get in his way.

dad wouldn't play me anymore.
after dinner, while sipping coffee
he'd say ya couldn't move when you were 47.
i'd try to bring back the memories of his left-hand hooks
and he'd say get along and do something about getting off the bench.
i would go, knowing i could hold him under six baskets
and feeling prouder....

and where are you?
i can't stay, can't leave,
thinking of the college that had probably forgotten i was coming
of mom crying in the garage
when i waved goodbye.
two worlds and i was caught in the middle,
an Eastern ticket agent my only friend.



i saw the uniform first, then the hat in his hand, the running past the candy machines, under the bell telephone sign stopping right in front of me

"i wasn't sure if you were coming"

"it took awhile to park the car. if you'd gotten out of the bathroom sooner..."

lost for a moment

with the memory of him once telling me there were two feelings above all others in the world:

the first, dropping down in a bathroom after an hour's search i couldn't remember the second.

he stretched out his hand offering it as always, as my father, not my buddy i accepted it,

wondering if he remembered pushing me out of the way with a graceful sweep as he went for the rebound.

he turned and i walked for the ramp and the plane
not wanting to look back but at the last second
and taking with me the picture, in watercolors, of the best friend
i'd ever had

then nothing but red-carpeted walls and a pale light

s. birchall duin

### Poetry by John York

### ANEMOMETER

What the hell! It's winter-time and the naked trees on Howard's Knob are orange colored from the 8:30 sun, and a cloud slides out of the valley and Goddammit! there's a rainbow on Monday morning! Goddamm, Goddamm, It is why I am so crazy today; how can I be so sick and lonely, walking to class with these colors over my left shoulder? And, after watching a film about red-ass baboons, after finding out that I'm flunking English 292, after eating lunch with my friend with the big tits, I'm twirling and flashing around like an anemometer on top of Rankin Science building, waiting for someone to walk by and see how fast the world is

Sleep Walker

Sleep Walker, leaving his bed, his room and putting on a cap: are the streets real? did I' really shoot a gun?

the light shook from the thunder and most of the shining faces ran away;

a few rested in the dream.



### Granny

Granny says that Booger-men take away bad children, that an Indian put that hole in my stomach, so I watch for hairy, grisly monsters as I dart out into the street, and a feathered hat comes around the corner of the brick wall!

A
Tulip
Tree
in the plowed field
proudly slowly sheds her petals
like Venus undressing in the desert.

### Diana Ross

Ain't no mountain high enough mother told her

undeveloping stick child

stick child singing

dancing went to a dance and danced with her wish

sung with it too. grew up on the peak

stop in the name of love never stop singing

never stop climbing Last time I saw him . . . .

The Baptism of Raggedy Ann

Sunday Good morning raining clear afternoon rain caught the wagon Two foot mother dropped her child in "oh no Raggedy Ann got wet" "no mama----Baptized"

Crowds People crowds waiting

for someday

Happy Some Day Some Day when everything

will be

good, great, right no prejudices, no fighting

five seconds to go

2 . . . . . . . . . one

WHOOOOOOOOOORAY HAPPY SOME DAY

is here

people laughing

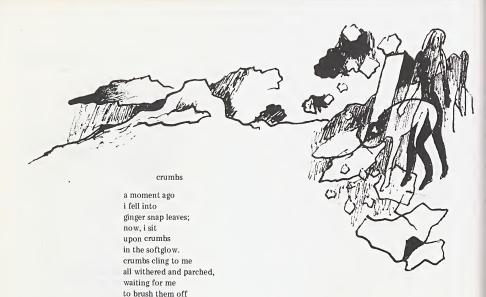
crying smiling jumping

hitting fighting killing

ME

(I forgot) black me went to white church dated white girl went to white house rode white horse went to white school

returned to home (I forgot) black home



Monument

(dead things that they are).

they should know

are already to gritty

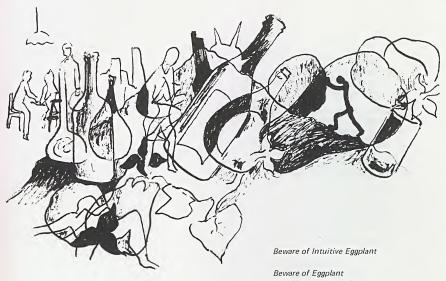
to bother with them.

my finger nails

dumb crumbs.

to you:
my eyes,
the dry stone
blue-grey beautiful;
speak in heavy/slow
torn by light
shared under shadows.
simple
snowflakes fell,
night burned black
into the palm
slaking five frozen
fever restored
laced fingers.

fingers move gently across my body following the tensing, relaxing sensations of my spine, to the place where tanned meets untanned. brown yields to white feel the pulse as you vibrate and taste. skin on skin beating a canorous rhythm over hills and into hollows: fill with you, fill with me rush and expire foamy against brown against white



Bon Soir, Alexis Lichine

My dear, in honor of this our first date The wine tonight must be first rate. The Chateau Neuf du Page is fine. The '64 vintage a really great wine. And the Chateau-Latour! Such Bouquet! Better by far than the Pontet-Canet! But here they list a Sichel Pommard Far which I have a high regard. And further on - a Chateau Lafitte. (But not tonight, not tonight, my sweet.) Ah, here the choice must truly be The Morgan on the Romanie-Conti. But, my dear, I must insist! You must help decide-do not resist. What's that, my dear? Waiter, the lady wants beer.

Beware of Eggplant He will remove your head With sweet phrases of wonderlands All in the wake of thoughtlessness

Beware of Eggplant He touches your cortex With excursions to Paradise By way of Hell

Beware of Eggplant
He will convice you to be just like
Him — in serene bliss
A vegetable.

Sometimes, man, it just ain't worth it.

Sometimes, man, it just ain't worth it.
You see a wave, you can't surf it.
You find a treasure, you can't unearth it.
You got a goal, you just can't work it.
You do your best, then go bezerk it.
Sometimes seems it just ain't worth it.

Poetry by John Gregory

A lone Spirit in the night Stares straight up from his pallett bed, Intent, into dark Time.

Outside, on the snowy street,
A milk truck tinkles past.
The Spirit hears the crash of waves
And sees the moon-hued strand.

Beside his head
The clock ticks rhythmically on.

He waits
(As he has since Time began)
For That
Which has not yet been named.

He waits restlessly.

Al Gurganus

### Piano

under a soft single light, me and that old piano sitting upright,

knees touching knees fingers and keys cautious yet delicious as new lovers.

soothing you smoothing me we almost sleep.

Mandy Lyerly

How Nice It Is To Eat A Peach

How nice it is to eat a peach Whose season finally comes.

I craved one all the winter long (a sort of opium).

And now the taste is better, Yes! Than that I last remember . . .

A taste enhanced by Season's chance And now its sweet surrender

J. H. Cash

### TRUTH

TRUTH IS BEAUTY
TRUTH IS LIGHT
TRUTH IS HELL
WHEN IT HURTS ALL NIGHT.

DIANE SUTTON

Lipsmack in the puddle, he kissed the mud as he cried bitter tears for his broken bottle.

John York

by the roadside

the spry grey lady silently joins fragments of apparel into quilt fastening seersucker suit working duds and Sam's old swallow-tailed coat her partner who views such assemblages as best left to a tailor tests each fruit for color and each cider for fill satisfied each to be ripe and brimming he settles back into his chair withdrawing into the harvest soon to come

David English

### Moon

The moon is a cyclops stalking the earth Slowly it crawls on its' hands and knees the earth turning under it It crawls, reaching it's hand before it, dragging its' leg behind The earth turns.

The cyclops' eye fills and grows yellow with age.

Jan A. Doub

The wind is blowing softly through My gliding motionless feathered arms As the world below displays its charms And I soar o'er this magnificent view—

> thenall too soon-

Blue-white and brown begin to blend, And the feathers start to disappear And the only thing I have to fear Is the reality I can't transcend

Jim Lyle

Mother Poems

I

The Conversation
(Betty Roe and Ditty Abrams)

Betty, he has to learn one spark in a puddle of words in only one flash in a cesspool.

"He still looks like Lord Byron"

He writes sometimes, like a drunken Byron. Oh, the good lines, when they come, they have that spark a professor, professor Roman, took him up one wall and down the other raising holy hell holy again.

If I had his address I'd send him a pot of chicken noodle soup.

н

Fifteen years ago my mother stopped looking for an umbrella in Wilson's 5 & 10 long enough to pick out a gun and holster for me.

And when I took it outside my hands called it too small, too cheap.

"He's a difficult child," she said handing the gun, holster and torn plastic back to the saleslady.

to me she said
"I'm sorry it was too small for your eyes."

Now I see death's dark corners and it is all too small for my eyes.



Ш

When they lined my father with maps and maps of tubes

up this arm down this hole like some nightmare.
And When the proud call came closer louder toward the window we, my mother and I, stood listening to the breath of the air-conditioner "You cannot," we said "you cannot transgress the earth.

To take him you must kill us too."

The earth had its pace and convenient time undismayed by human pride, still, turned away. For a time.

> In the silence we cursed time for what it knew That though we stand today Tomorrow we will kneel in the sapping ooze of generations.



IV

In my life there is a pain that only the poem knows each shadow chasing a shadow's tail each word echoes shallow ecstasy Would you say that if I lay empty in joy I would love you more?

Doug Abrams

### Simply a poem to Emily Wilson

Pg, Did you hear the twins grab for the cupcake eat then ask for it?

I had the urge to tell them our name, knowing next week tomorrow they wouldn't be able to share the name between them, or care to.

What grows inside their monkey screams and urgency that makes them, on becoming adults, name things?

And the books' arrogance; closed inward, intent where Homer sees all and the book knows more.

I had to brush his dust from my eye to read the title, secure all end is necessity.

Did you keep the low voices for yourself? Talk secure as grass or rain, sweet necessity again. (Words, I think, must get as tired of us as we of them).

And those of us swollen with autobiography. Self-glory is a glory nonetheless, as a hag is a woman after-all, after all. Do remember that when I name every whorehouse or other place of local interest in this city, and remind me when another poem goes out the way lightbulbs go: screaming against the darkness.

Doug Abrams

How we went

When I was four my father pulled my wide, steel brace up, over his hip and travelled me to far-off places like the grocery store, the golf course, and the barber shop with its smell of lilac hair tonic.

More than once we went to the museum.

Mostly I liked looking at the
Indian mummy child with his worn grey beads

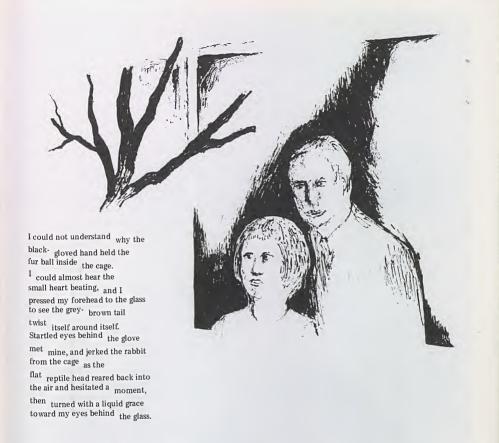


at the ghostly model of planets
whirling through space silently.
My aunt thought that I should
like the
fancy doll houses better
with all their ruffles
and minature teapots.
And I did
like them,
but what dollhouse can compare with a real
ostrich egg (after all) and with the
whistlescream of a tiny train
little cities with trees and every- thing?

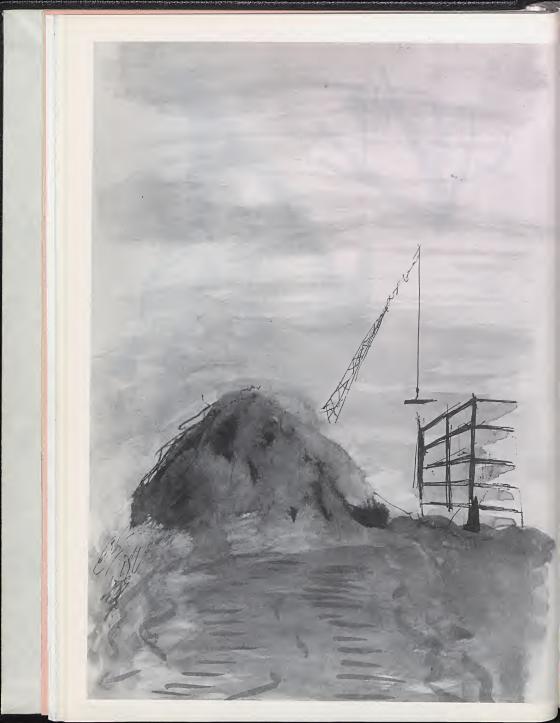
What happened at the museum once

 $\begin{array}{l} Once \\ on the \ red \ antique \\ \end{array} \ after \ I \ was \ tired \ of \ sitting \\ on the \ red \ antique \\ \end{array}$ 

with no horses to pull it, my father held me up to a window, and I squinted through the dead brown leaves and grey-flaked bark to see what there was there. When I finally saw it, it was a long tail, mottled grey and brown and it had eyes that were narrow slants. It stretched waving toward a brown puff of softness which held two unblinking rabbit-eyes.



I see it still, the open mouth seemed wide enough to swallow me in its confusion.
I fell back slowly as he started down, gaining momentum like a roller-coaster mid-hill, but his eyes held mine, all-accusing, till the cry wrung from me echoed and was doubled by the sound of a snake-head hitting glass with the force of ten-thousand hammers while the blood and venom streamed the window, all milky and all scarlet.



#### George W. Kane's Building Site Blues

4:21. Creeping tracks impressing broken earth. Discarded cans lying on lonely grass amidst mounds of forsaken sod. Single wire over three leaning poles. Aloft, a rusted pulley pulls a rusting cable. Without moving. Silver fence too new to below dares to stand down the slope. Yellow - orange yellow - dirty orange yellow - machines. Poised. Quiet. Pipes peeking at me from their sunken stances. Iron bent and iron unbent, and iron ironically waiting. A poet peeking at the ruins is perplexed. Who caused this waste? This wreckage? This battle? This time? And will they be digging at my feet next? The last workman has just left. Left all this terror to my eyes. To my ears. To my nose. I can only ask, "Where is the man with the beautiful plans?" "Has he seen what they are doing here?" I wonder.

What are they doing here?
Must one so destruct in order to construct?
Ha! Look there! Look at that fool - wandering aimlessly in
the mud trying to sense this scene.

He'd better stop and let it sense him. Before he merely adds himself to the heap of despair laid about him. 4:43.

I've had enough of this desolation.
I'm off to find a more talkative topic.
Farewell, red hills and grey boards.
Give my regards to George.

**Bill Hinman** 

#### Mind's Blizzard

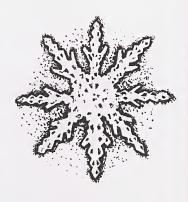
And I say "My mind is like a snowstorm" as I watch from my window seat Thoughts in aversive paths as strangers — once friends whose eyes will now not meet

Confusion and flurry
the snow of a thousand hours
never ending
When my eye catches a snowflake
through the windowpane
It soon disappears
below the ledge
with its intricate
twisting
and
bending

Now - a rest - I can no longer trudge through this exhausting deep dimension Sleep, like a tree or a house, won't stop the snow but keeps it in suspension

Until once again
I am lost and blinded by
this avalanche of
crisscrosses against logic
and reason
For unlike the snow of the skies
My storm knows not its proper
season

Amy Rodriquez



#### Lights of Antiquity

The wind is fresh and wet
the oil lamp glitters
I seem to be in some medieval spaceship
Simpering surrealistic yellow
Caught in the eternal nothing
Trapped between light years
of long ago and black holes.
Death and destiny
And cars going by in the night.
Tell me, does life afford no
more than this?

Nose running finger bleeding
My body is a myth
An ugly story told to teenagers
Aphrodite laughing at their silly puberties
On high Olympus there are
Wizard stars and mighty comets...

Betsy Richardson

Bitter Autumn OR Poems Can't Help Being (Sarcastic)

Riding your motorcycle
Through rustling leaves
and chilling winds
wear this
be warm, baby
and don't forget how glad you are
That I'm
not there
behind
you

Betsy Richardson

tableau

waits

clock ticking
Off bare
resolute walls
careworn writing desk
tidy, unused
he
unable to move
gave his guitar
to be with us
so old
posed
in chair
sits

David English

To Sir in a Fur Bathrobe

trashcans?

How
can I
hug you
while you are
Un - plugging
the
electric

Betsy Richardson

A Part of Life on the First Floor

bang! bop! bang! They go, right
there in the dark door-way. I point to it but
Daddy can't see Them and he tells me
to be quiet;
a Grandma sleeps on our couch.
And bang-bang They go again in
the kitchen where no one is eating,

I cling to my bars and call Daddy but Something doesn't stop playing in our spoons and dishes.

II.

Our neighbors stop to talk to Mama before going to their appartment.

A cool breeze slips through the door of our yellow kitchen. The man and woman like me and say bye-bye as they walk up stairs in the whiteback-porch, while I sneak out-side to round up my cattle for the night . . .

A window opens and suddenly there is singing Singing above me! higher and higher;
I look up to see Angels, shining Angels, tiny and waving in the dark sky.
High and low their song goes and I run to tell that God is coming, His Angels are here.

John York

How much does one have to remember; auotto-

"I chased Laurie 'round th' back'a th' station an' she run inta sompin' sharp. Says she hurts bad."

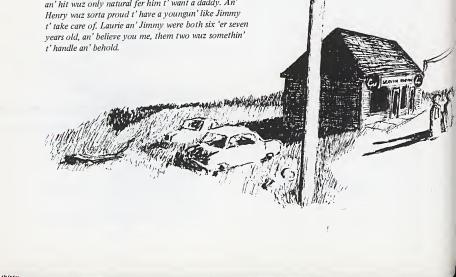
'Laurie-sweet Laurie with yellar hair. Why you go from me now?"

'Yeh, he 'uz th' happiest man I ever did see, with them kids. He ner nobody don't seem t' remember that wife 'a his, but he never seemed t' care neither. You should seen him with them kids though, him laughin' t' high heaven an' 'a chasin' 'em 'an' them 'a runnin' an' just 'a laughin' too. People at t' pumps 'ud have t' wait fer five 'er ten minutes sometimes.

'Yeh, he loved 'em though-loved them kids. Took 'em fishin' and' fed 'em a soda-pop ever day.'

Laurie-I lookit you, An' I see a pitcher Over th' mantle, An' th' fire is glowin' Against yer face An against th' walls, An' I'm there with ya Laurie-An' I'm comin' to ya Laurie-When th' fire is gone.

'Yeh, An' ya see, Laurie wuz Henry's own but Jimmy wahn't. Jimmy didn't have nobody but two old aunts, an' hit wuz only natural fer him t' want a daddy. An'



An' Laurie, I am old;
I got two 'a them lives behind me now.
An' I can't go fishin' no more
'Cause I see you in th' water,
I see you lookin. up at me an' smilin',
An' I see that yellar hair flyin
All around,
Into th' sky,
Into th' blue, blue sky.

'Anyways, that day uz a nightmare. Jimmy came over early an' all three of 'em uz carousin around an' th' other fellars at th' station uz all havin' a good time watchin' an' all when this big ole car turns in an' pulls up t' th' pumps. Well Jimmy an' Laurie went t' th' pumps an' this ole fat man with a tie an' all sez to 'em-"Where's the owner of this establishment." like 'at, An' Jimmy told 'im that Henry uz inside. An' this ole fellar sez-"Well you get him out here. I want some gas and I want it now!" Well Jimmy an' Laurie got real scared or somethin' an' th' ole man really yelled at 'em. An' Henry, in th' station, heered all this an' walked out there. But Jesus I never saw nobody so mad as Henry wuz right then. He didn't do nuthin' but grab at man by th' collar an' jerk 'im right outta that car an' commence t' beat th' livin' sin outta him.

That's when it happened. Laurie must got s' frightened an' all an' ran around th' side a th' station. Jimmy, well he went after her right quick but it uz too late. She 'ud done run smack into that jagged piece 'a metal. I don't know, but it hit 'er square behind th' ear, probly lookin back 'er somthin' - I don't know.

Anyways by th' time Jimmy came back cryin' an' all an' Henry got back there Laurie uz already dead.

Nothin' t' be done now-Th' ground has come t' terms With what it asked. But hit coulda asked fer me. It coulda ya know?

I woulda gone just like that.

'An' Henry didn't do nothin'
He just walked outta th' station
with Laurie lyin' there on th' counter top.
Went home.
Musta wrote this though, cause
at ten' O'clock he shot hisself.'

Shall nobody play at my station no more, Where the laughter was our money As were the faces at our door. I'm sorry dear Jimmy I can't say

M. Pate



Four Birds (In Three Movements): October 6-22, 1974

(long distance)
"We encountered" I heard
"sex, death, earth
really heavy subjects
like that;" oh man

you're a really heavy subject.

All this upon the crest of one less breast nationally one left breast is left.
"And what (if anything) am I thinking about?"
And who, if anyone, will I share it with?

(u.s. mail)
Another ex-lover,
and you can
take that
anyway you want it,
told me that1 still seemed pleased with myself
and meant it
as a compliment.





11.

Now a song for the younger sung, After untold unfinished to her elder, My dear you oughtn't be afraid of failure nor I reproach.

Sometimes I look at you and I feel so old, I feel so old when you tell me about your boyfriends (no doubt cute, rich) and weekend beach trips. You're a little darker than her and I see your little body running naked into the surf like hers was days (years?) ago when we were together and I cared enough to chase. Those days! Were you aware where she spent her last night here? Here.

I drink hot tea from light green china cups, and think ((!)) how little we share besides hot tea. I've always believed Helle is like a coffee shoppe. Do you understand me? Do you ever think about a gift of godhead? (Aside) a friend of our friend once said I was beautiful in a

godlike way.
In case I'm ever fool enough to take this course again just let me say:

"some say Lou Reed is decadent I'm not (!) I'm not (!) I'm not (!)."

Ш.

Finally, I'll find time-wasting space, switching subjects, I knowfor discourse on everything we've deemed important; such as self-service funeral parlors, "do it yourself" corpses - cool whipped and topped with a maraschino cherry, or the lack of "all you can eat" underwear sandwich stands on, adjacent to, or around this town's notoriously poor restaurant row. The way they're made they each have a unique taste you know. OR did I tell you about the time he and I, chilled, and smugly snuggled, chuckled at quote: "what is designated as a meal and isn't eaten will become and from then on be known as a snack." (MORE?) One time I sat among our revered stacks hungering for any scraps of erudition, and listened to a sly snake's subtle persuasion Which became, it failed, success my destiny neither,

his self-relegation to a weekend's sexual perdition.





thank god (!) You don't damn me.
thank god (!) Your adolescence wanes not advances.
thank god (!) You've no need to judge me - and
thank god (!) you accept my less peculiar stances
despite often askance brown-eyed glances.

But, goddamn national fads! Fit for little but journalistic prose, and anathema to my proposed; the purpose: organic growth; so now Happy too. Total: two. (Incorporated and satisfied (?), but far less so are their respective (undoubtedly uxorious) everwed men.) I hope the reader senses the poet's intense dismay the necessity of including the immediately above. But, he had to (!) and, in fact, was told to one evening while sitting by a cozy fire which he almost jumped into when he found out.





Ya Can't Write Hick If Your Mama Don't Go Out In Rollers



Ya can't write hick if your mama don't go out in rollers.

If you ain't never tried the hunert-proof lemonade at the Rebel

Drive-in,

you ain't got 'nough hair on your chest to give an ant shelter.

Ain't been but one way ever knowed to be hick, an' that's to grow up hick.

If the doc yanked ya out onta a Rebel flag an' your mama wrapped ya up in pure white lily white only white dipers, then ya stands a chance a bein' hick.

'Course you had ta worn straight-leg faded thighs jeans an' white shirts huntin' irons an' shined black shoes with half-scraped red clay soles an' nothin' - I mean <u>nothin'</u> - but the purd-near whitest socks this side of the gleamin' - worn tracks if ya ever hoped at bein' true hick.

Now you can drive a nice car - I mean nice - like '57 Chevalet with raised white-letter bald tires hangin' 'tween chromed side pipes which reflect on over-rubbed red lacquer touched up with quick-sprayed black like the crooked decal 'cross the back winder which tells the next guy you eat Fords (fried, broiled, raw, or still kickin') an' 'course you got ta have the rebel flag towel carefully smoothed 'neath the checkered pillers 'side the wedge speakers 'top the rear deck in the way of the mirror bent down with graduation tassels an' lucky-roller dice above the dash covered in peelin' wood-grain vinyl shelf coverin' which boasts your prized possession - a true-ta-life, hand painted, authentic plastic Jesus standin' there on your dash so's the cops can see him . . .

Yep, you can drive a nice car all right, but if you don't hang your hairy arm right over that door sill an' let your right wrist bend over the top'a that wheel, ya ain't gonna convince nobody that your any hicker than a well-oiled city slicker.

You can dump all the ketchup ya want on your eggs, an'
you can eat your cheeseburgers made with pimenter an'
more onions than'd make a full-blown bull cry in a
field of purty young cows, but if you don't bend down
low over your plate when ya eat, drink your RC from
the bottle, an' wipe your fork on your shirt tail 'fore
you start on a slab'a pie - then you just ain't I mean ain't - hick.

An' if ya ain't hick, ya ain't gonna write hick.

'Cause there's somethin' special 'bout the feller who can tell you 'bout the first time he ever did sometin' with a Mary Jane or a Billy Joe an' make ya believe it'as as natural as a mare bein' mounted by a spring-eyed stud That's why I ain't gonna try.

My mama just wouldn't be caught <u>dead</u> out in rollers.

Bill Hinman

#### A Funeral

there we all were even so it was nice seeing folks again and nobody was real sad at least not til aunt Theda showed sayin it couldn't have happened at a worse time and all well Damn what could we do "a pardon us Auntie but is it alright if Buddy dies this week, I mean if you're not busy or nothin and if you can make it" then Susie leaned over me to mama and said she wouldn't even be there if her husband didn't own the place and here me thinkin all this time she wanted to come talkin about her arthritis and Cathy's illegitimate baby doin her part to cheer the loved ones

sittin third row side from the front

or any of the names he used to be any of the names he used to be but just the deceased just that.

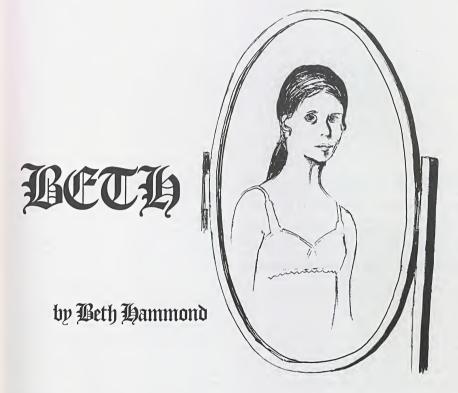
I couldn't see good but I could hear O.K. and when Reverend Jackson said Buddy was a good husband and a right moral man I thought of Thelma that lived back of Jim's Grill and the time I saw Buddy kissin her her laughin real high and them both goin inside quick when I went by then the Reverend was sayin somethin else about the deceased and I thought how funny when a fella dies he's not Bud or Buddy or Boyd



 ${\it Jackie\ Crawford}$ 

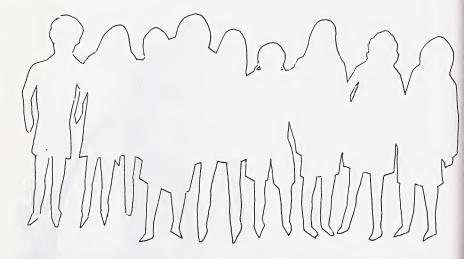
# **EDEC**





"Idiots!". Beth thought she had never seen so much madness in one word. The yellow room was swaying with it, going YellowIdiotsIdiots. Mrs. Gulley wobbled a little while she said it even. Her bosoms wobbled fast and tight inside her big bra. Beth thought she would never have bosoms like that. Mrs. Gulley's must be a different kind, all round and full like a balloon. Beth's were points and that was all. Her bosoms were going to grow into triangles.

Mrs. Gulley's big bulgy hips pushed on her skirt, that tight kind she always wore, the kind that made lines at the bottom of her stomach, long, nubbly ones. It always looked like a wrinkle bent pear there. Her legs came out, and they made two little long pears stacked up there under the big one. Then her square shoes bottomed it off. That's where the wobble bottoms off, too. Right there in her shoes. It started in her face, with a puff at the tops of her



cheeks. Only her mouth didn't wobble. It was hard with a smile. You couldn't see her eyes because they were gone behind her shiny glasses, so you couldn't tell about them.

Beth saw Mrs. Gulley, right then, with her clothes off, making a baby with her husband. Her husband was taking off her underwear. It must be like her Mother's, big and white. What did her husband look like? Beth didn't know, but she could guess. They were making a baby and Beth was feeling warm and good. It made her want to do the Funny Feeling right there in class, to make it come. But she didn't. She had to hear every single word. Mrs. Gulley was standing there and wobbling and saying they were, every, every one, a Disgrace to Garden Hills School. They were the worst 6th grade ever to darken the door. What door? Beth tried to think. Maybe it was the big clangy classroom door, she thought, but no, it was probably the middle main door under the columns. Mrs. Gulley had, after all, said Garden Hills School first of all. Then, Mrs Gulley pointed out the window. Mrs. Ditch, her Father said. Beth saw the ditch. Mrs. Gulley was in it. She couldn't see for sure. Outside the window was a brick wall, but you knew that North Fulton Junior High was out there, too. It had always been out there. North Fulton High was where they were going next year, if they were lucky. Now Mrs. Gulley was telling them that they were all stupid idiots who were worthless and didn't at all deserve to go. They were stupid and rotten and bad and weren't worth anything and hadn't learned anything for seven whole years.

Tears came up and prickled Beth's eyes and a luf swallowed her throat. Beth thought it was going jump out, and it made her afraid. She got 1 orange-bright bone in her chest again. The first til she got the bone was way back in kindergarten, in Blue Birds. They were starting to rhyme everybod name with something and Karen Mathews 5 "BethDEATH!" and everybody breathed in all once and then popped their eyes and laughed. The was the first bone. It was a little one, but it gf bigger in the third grade out there in the middle the hall when Beth remembered she forgot symphony money and everybody was running to 1 symphony bus but Beth wasn't. She just stood the and had the bone. It got the biggest it had ever be when Johnny Herbert twelve days ago put his 2 around her so that it was growing into her and 5 thought she could never get away.

It was their fault for what Mrs Gulley said, and should know it. Beth had, had, had been worth and learning the whole time. She had been doing right thing, for God, all these long, long years, every day. She told Him every night (she was alwooning to pray every night). She always loved every and did what teachers said (Beth said the teach were right because she loved them). She had be doing everything right and God had given her countenance of David, like the Bible said. The didn't matter, because when she looked in the mind she had the Countenance of David. Just like that one little minute they had made Mrs. Gulley say that wasn't true. Everything normal had turned so

<sup>and</sup> bad right then. Having an Arithmetic lesson <sup>Wasn'</sup>t normal, it was bad. Having on a blue stripe <sup>dress</sup> wasn't normal, it was bad. Even the desks and <sup>ar</sup>t table and the walls were bad.

Beth looked over at Ann. Beth only looked at Ann, because Ann never looked back. Was Ann bad, too? Ann was poking her finger back into the top of her eye. It made her eyeball pop out and it was all milky. She picked at a red place in between her arm and it was getting lumpy. Beth wondered why Ann always smiled. Maybe it was because she was doing the Funny Feeling rocking back and forth like that. That was how Beth could do it.

Beth and Ann were friends. When you were with Ann, nobody kept looking at you and everybody went away and left you alone. Sometimes she went and played with Ann in the resource room during recess. Those were the days Beth felt good. They played feeling dominoes or catch with a loud ball.

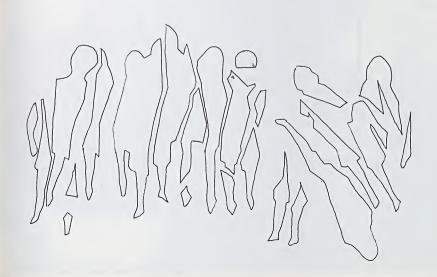
Beth had had another friend, back in fourth grade, hamed Carol. Carol had stayed with her before, away from everyone behind her favorite bush in the upback Part of the playground. When they sat together back behind there, everyone else was only bits and pieces in between the frazzled leaves. Beth giggled a happy giggle. Everyone all choppedup in little, little bits and pieces! She loved that bush and Carol too, back then. Not once did Carol look at her, back then. She had bought herselt a diary, too, just like Beth's nice soft fat big one except hers was blue and they had leaned over them the whole time behind the bush. It was so good, leaning over diaries and sitting so close

together that they touched and never looking at each other behind the bush.

But she knew she couldn't love Carol for long. Carol had to be in the Group, too. (The Group was what they called themselves, altogether). Everyone had to be in the Group, even Connie, Connie made Mrs. Gulley make the Group sit with her at lunch so she could be in the Group. It made Beth want to blur her eyes to see Connie sitting there straining her head to the Group. One day Carol came and told her maybe she could be in the Group. But Beth wouldn't because Carol was already like Mrs. Doris Hopkins. the School Secretary and Beth didn't want to feel like she felt when Mrs. Hopkins smiled down through her terrible beautiful face and called her Honey. That made Beth want to bash her face right in, right there in the office. Bash it in and chop it up in pieces and lay them out all in a row on the top of her desk. No. she couldn't want that.

She couldn't be in the Group either because the Group made an air that was hung with eyes and arms and legs and laughs that might fly out at you any minute. Yes, she and the teachers had to walk through it all the time. Sometimes the teachers tripped on it and got caught in it, but it wasn't their fault. They just didn't know.

That was all that was wrong now. Mrs. Gulley just didn't know. Mrs. Gulley had bit hard on her smile and her eyes had been eaten up by her eyelids and she had said idiots and it had all started. All because Jimmy Young wrote Gulley Sux in between Louisiana and Purchase up at the blackboard. Beth didn't even



think Sux was a real word. How could Mrs. Gulley herself get caught in the air over something like Sux? Then Jimmy had looked like he was going to run right up into your face and push his laughing breath into it until you couldn't stand it and his slitted up eyes would come popping out at you and he wouldn't stop it.

That's how it all started. Now Jimmy's back was wiggling and giggling in front of Beth's desk. No, it couldn't keep wiggling. Beth would stop it. She found her scissors with her fingers under her desk. Scissors could chop up wiggles. Then Beth was poking and poking and poking. She was poking Jimmy's back into little bits and pieces and making it all stop. The

air was all stopping. No one was looking anymore a you couldn't see anyone's smiles any more becauthey were all covered up. Mrs. Gulley wasn't wobband beety any more. She was pasty instead a freckles jumped into her face. You could see her eyow and they weren't puffy and little at all.

Mrs. Gulley could make her little pears jump and down. Her shoes clacked, tattattattattat, all tway to Beth's desk. The scissors we clang—rattlerattlerattle on the floor. Beth's face where the distribution is as the and Mrs. Gullwent out of the room together, like the people-in-one.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn Throws Caution to the Wind

Joan of Arc is by the window with a baby at her breast, Martin Luther's writing backwards in Latin on his chest. Peter Pan came in escorted on the arm of Captain Hook who said "all the world's a skillet, and I am here to cook," and saying so, he burned my kitchen down; I don't want to be here when the landlord comes around.

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon tied his husky to the bed and blazed off toward Orion with his hat still on his head. But the biggest joke of all was on the poet and his jug who danced an unrhymed couplet before he hit the rug; the plaster cracks, the walls are falling down — I don't want to be here when the landlord comes around.

Neil Caudle



#### Third Place in Fiction

# An Evening Out

by P.D.Q. Hemingway

2130 - 2140 GMT

My freshmen orientation group had decided to have its formal meal at McDonald's. This should not be construed as a decision lacking in taste, because it had been heavily influenced by Dr. Michaels. I dare say, Dr. Michaels was a man of distinct tastes, and, had it been a few years earlier, we would have been dining in some dark, secluded, out-of-the-way establishment. But that simply wasn't possible tonight. McDonald's had been selected on the basis of food quality and atmosphere being given second priority. Our primary concern was, to put it euphemistically, our well being.

In fact, we would not have gone out at all if it hadn't been the official policy of the school that all groups have "a formal meal, for the furtherance of each member's cultural foundations..." I had suggested calling the order in to save time, but Compton had pointed out that it would be equally expeditious simply to walk in and face the inevitable onslaught of "May I help you's". This proved to be correct, as all ten of us were served and seated within thirty six seconds.

There being three doors with which to contend, the most advantageous seat for one was in the corner. Unfortunately, it was occupied by a couple of young lovers, who had already made it to first base. Heaving a sigh of disgust (I was inwardly grateful to them for providing this opportunity to evict them), I walked over and admonished them for their indiscretion and suggested they leave for parking places unknown. They

hurriedly departed and I planted myself in the booth,  $^{\it pl}$  than ready to commence with an exquisite meal.

2140 - 2145 GMT

Compton had latched onto one of the chicks in the  $g^{II}$  and they were exchanging intimacies in the other corner. Michaels was surrounded by a group of four and appartenjoying himself immensely. They listened on intently  $g^{II}$  he proclaimed the virtues of good wine and music and dand and so on, and I knew that when he started into that he just killing time.

The hair on the back of my neck bristled. I glanced over Compton and noticed that he had moved millimetrically after the girl and was looking my way. We had both seff something. In the first place, Dr. Michaels never killed the was saying, he was not giving it one bill attention.

His attention, and ours, too, was focused sharply, but directly, on the men approaching the doors. I say indire because none of the three of us was looking right at them do so would have been to dig our own graves for certain. The men had nothing against patrons of hamburger stands, but hey had it their way, and it certainly looked as if they mis our little group would never get back for the 6:30 newsonly hope was to catch them off guard by taking the offers



Compton and friend were getting up and heading towards the front door. She was putting something into her purse. It was Compton's watch. Thinking this to be an excellent idea, I Pocketed mine also, got up, and stretched. Dr. Michaels was lighting his pipe, a rather inappropriate gesture under the circumstances I thought. From my contorted position, midway through the stretch, I could see that they were coming from only two directions. Then I saw why they weren't worried about the side door. Someone had very neatly and conveniently backed a truck up to it, precluding any exit. They had only two ways to get in, I thought with an ironic sense of odds were changing, though.

Dr. Michaels jumped to his feet, jerking the pipe out his other. "It's a bomb!" he yelled, frantically. This had the immediate effect of bringing everyone to their feet and rushing for the doors. It also had the effect of blocking the view that the men outside had of each other through the glass windows. As I was already on my feet and moving, I reached the side other side were pulling the doors open. They were most four times as big as I, and since there were two of them, together which no doubt they could, I did the only sensible thing I had intended.

The glass shattered and the doors smashed into their faces. One of them simply collapsed; the other staggered backwards, hands clutching a red and contorted face. He backed into a concrete bench and fell over, striking his head rather hard on the table, and lay silent. A stream of people was rushing out around me now, ignoring my victims and heading for shelter from the bomb that never existed

I rushed around the building, where I was confronted by a rather gruesome sight. One guy was doubled up on the ground, clutching his stomach while. his nose bled profusely. "I didn't open the door hard enough," said Compton, apologetically, as he gingerly rubbed the back of his hand.

"What happened to him?" I gestured toward another fellow whose screams nearly drowned out our conversation. He was rubbing his eyes, which were covered with something that looked familiar. "Hot apple pie," said Compton. "Didn't even get to finish the damn thing." Poor devil, I thought. If he hadn't been blinded, his face would be blistered for a good while.

The group members were running for their cars now like everyone else. To have done otherwise would have seemed unnatural, and the last thing we needed was a report to the school. I jumped into my car and was just pulling out when I heard the sirens. That would be the police and fire trucks coming to see about the bomb. I hoped they had already had supper.



#### 2300 - 2310 GMT

There was a phone message for me and I absolutely dreaded looking to see who had called. Marguerite. It had to be Marguerite. Just what I needed. It was Marguerite. The message was barely in the trash can when the phone rang. I figured there was no sense in postponing the inevitable, so I answered.

"Hello?"

"Hi. How are you?"

She didn't have to identify herself. Her voice would have been rather pleasing if it hadn't been for that awful Southern accent.

"I'm fine Marguerite. How about you?"

"Oh, okay, I guess, — well, uh, what are you doing tonight?" I really couldn't think of anything good, so I said, "Nothing, just studying."

"You wanta get together? I mean, maybe go out somewhere or something?"

"Sure. Sounds super." Ha. Well, I did need a cover.

"Okay. I'll be by at 8. Okay?"

"Dig."

That gave me exactly fifty minutes. More than enough time for the job at hand.

#### 2315 - 2330 GMT

Dr. Michaels really had an eye for simplistic beauty, even though he was a philosopher. We were meeting in the big room in the bottom of the library. The reason for choosing such a public location was quite obvious — we could talk freely without fear of anyone ever hearing a word we said. In fact, I was having trouble hearing Dr. Michaels.

He shoved a newspaper across the table to me. The headlines said: "Dean Warns President of 'Cancer". This was nothing new to me. Several weeks ago, the Dean of Men had somehow gotten wind of a subversive plot of some sort  $^{a}$  the word had gotten around quickly. As usual, there had  $^{bc}$  a lot of speculation about who and what and how and  $^{whf}$  but mainly how.

"Isn't it about time that I was told what exactly is going around here?" I said, trying to look as outraged as possible mean, this hasn't been the most enjoyable evening so far."

He didn't in the very least acknowledge that he had held me, but just kept his head buried in the book he was readilibiferential Matrix Functions For Band and Footh Formations. Suddenly, he frowned, let the book fall flat, blooked up over the top of his glasses. "I found this in stacks the other day. It's so simple that I wonder why no diagrams around here has ever checked it out?"

I shoved the paper back across to him. "I asked  $y^{ol}$  question!"

"Yes, I was just trying to think of an answer. You can't told too much. It's dangerous, you know."

I got up to leave. "All right. All right. Sit down." He lithis pipe. "One of our major academic competitors now houclear capabilities. The smaller schools are scared sill They've banded together secretly to fight us big guys and whows what they're up to now."

I was stunned. This was interscholastic power politisemething about which I knew very little and which interest me even less. It simply wasn't pertinent to my job.

I was a teacher. I taught specially chosen freshmen. I taught them many useful things, mostly dangerous and illegal thing. And I had to teach them to do these things better than anyolese. If I didn't, I could be out of a job, and they could get of existence. It was a dirty job. I didn't like it, but it was only way for me to get through school.

Unfortunately, it was a job that occasionally req<sup>juli</sup> overtime, and tonight was going to be one of those times took only five minutes to receive a full explanation instructions from Dr. Michaels, and I was on my way.

#### <sup>2400</sup> - 0015 GMT

Marguerite showed up at exactly 8 o'clock. I was ready and waiting. She was ready and willing. I was not. There was too much to do and just enough time in which to do it. She looked alittle hurt when all she got was a peck on the cheek.

"What are we going to do tonight?" Oh boy, here we went

"I don't know. What do you want to do?"

"I thought I'd leave it up to you," she said. "Hey, why are they rolling the quad?"

"Oh, that's just a little diversion to keep the campus cops out of our hair."

"Huh?"

"You'll see. Drive around over there and park. We can walk to where we're going."

"Not a movie"

"No. Not quite."

#### 0020 - 0030 GMT

"We're not spending another night in the periodicals room,

"No."

"Well, why are we here then? Oh, let's walk! This elevator is I started down the steps. She just stood there with a buzzled expression on her face. "What's down there? Oh, no.

Not the reading room. Not again." "Come on. It's not what you think."

We were in the hallway just outside of the microfilm room. You want me to go in and come back out and tell you who's in there?"

"Sure. Simple as pie." I settled down into one of the chairs and lit up a long deserved cigarette. Using Marguerite like this vas really against the department's code of ethics, but it couldn't be helped in this situation. There wasn't much time whoever was in that room knew me and would have khown anyone else that I usually worked with on these jobs. I had let my attention wander down the hall and suddenly I realized that she was taking too long. I got up and was turning towards the doorway when the blow caught me behind the left ear, knocking me down, half senseless. He flew through the door into the stacks and somehow I managed to give chase. He jumped into the elevator whose door was already closing and disappeared from sight. This was too much of a coincidence. I had counted on him being extra alert. And I had counted on him Possibly identifying Marguerite. Poor Marguerite. But I had not counted on him having an accomplice waiting in the elevator (which explained why we had waited for it so long). Well, at least I knew where they were headed. It was only a Matter of beating them there. My head was killing me, but even in that condition I beat the elevator up six levels, a feat which did not require much physical prowess.

When the elevator door opened, I was ready. They looked a little surprised to see me and lot surprised to see the Browning automatic in my hand.

"Who's your friend there, Travers?"

"He's my chauffeur. Oh, he also does odd jobs, too, occasionally."

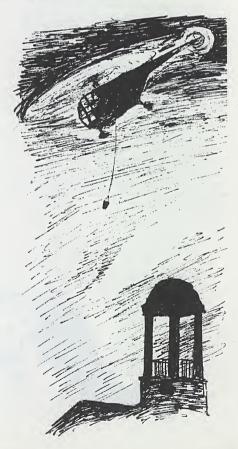
"Well, tell him to forget about going for his gun or the elevator button," Apparently, he had already decided to do the former and either had very bad reflexes or was just bull-headed. The bullet smashed his elbow, effectively preventing him from either shooting me or driving Travers' car ever again. It didn't take him long to pass out from the pain.

"Okay, Travers. I'll take that film and give you a nice. substitute. I heard that helicopter on the way over here, so it can't be very far off. I hope for your sake that you weren't planning on riding back with it."

"No. No. They'll lower a bucket for the film."

"You know what to do then?" He swallowed hard and nodded. He knew he didn't want to end up like James in the elevator, even though he also knew that he wouldn't be driving himself anywhere for a long time.

The helicopter was hovering overhead now. We moved through the restaurant, with Travers walking in front. He continued out onto the balcony and put the film into the



bucket, which was dangling from the end of a rope. The bucket disappeared, along with the roaring sound of the 'copter. I stepped out onto the balcony, gun still trained on him. "You were smart not to try anything. Okay, now let's go."

I almost yelled in pain as something jabbed into my spine. It didn't matter what kind of gun it was; they're all just as deadly. I didn't have to turn around to see who was holding it so ungraciously; the perfume was a dead giveaway.

"The gun and the film, please, and in that order." I passed them back over my left shoulder, for whatever little good luck that that might afford.

"Why, Marguerite?"

"I did it for the money."

"Aw, and I was even going to kiss you goodnight tonight." The pressure of the gun eased off and I knew it was now or never. I slowly turned toward her and mustered up the most longing expression possible under the circumstances. She fell for it and started moving closer, letting the gun down as she did.

My kick probably broke her wrist. She screamed, as the gun flew over the edge of the balcony and into space. I dropped to the floor, grabbing my gun and the film, which she had dropped. I rolled a couple of times and lined the gun up on Travers, who, being very surprised at the events of the last two seconds, took a couple of steps backwards and plummeted over the edge to his death, six levels below (which was really only two floors).

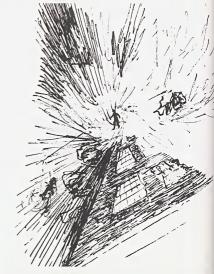
Just then, Compton and his date came flying out of the restaurant, guns drawn. "Looks like we came a little late to help," he said. "You all right?"

"Yeah, Take care of her,"

"What about Travers?"

"Leave him there. Maintenance will poke him up in the morning. Let's get out of here."

A group had gathered around the elevator, curious about James. Somebody said something about how unsafe elevators were nowadays. We pushed past them, stood James up, and started the long ride down.



Compton took the film and held it to the light. "What is if "Plans for the water system in the men's dorms."

"Germ warfare, huh?"

"No, worse. Spanish fly. Two pounds of it. Travers reg knew how to strike at the heart of a system to destroy it."

The elevator door opened to reveal several camp policemen waiting for us. Debbie ran over and threw her around me. "Are you all right?"

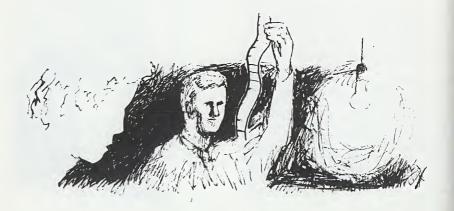
"Sure."

"Did you switch the film?"

"Yeah."

"What did you give them?"

"The plans for the water system of the girl's dorms, course."



#### Fishing at the Coast

Giggling and shy, She said That she could not catch a fish; And in the waters before us I could see why -With all the waves made by the And all the wide round eyes made by The rain: And then too, her with those black, wet Plastic boots. And her, with that cold, yellow raincoat Twisted around all out of sorts, With the hood half wrapped around The tangle of her soaked hair, Moving as if chewing. Slowly swallowing her face. But the last thing I saw was her eyes, With the sand and the beach the background Of their auestion-And I will not say what the question was. I will just say We ate no fish that night.

M. Pate

#### Music for Three

In a pine chest hums a wooden note, a shiver passes down the neck blurring on the string and then begins to numb and die beside my finger.

Then I hear again the kitchen cabinets flap. father ripping up and crashing out against the clacking pots — his voice was only barely gone from Sunday night

when he came home on Wednesday. And after dark he played swaying with the fiddle braced against his collarbone — happy with the bow binding up and ringing through the core of cleanly polished maple. I heard the swaying and the scratching in the tiny wooden chest of father's fiddle.

Neil Caudle

#### JOHN 17:17 - 19

Christ, the Truth, spread himself and set himself apart and died that we might die and set ourselves apart and spread the truth, the Christ.

Paula Meador

Not a sound inside -just a window squeaking loose upstairs,
a pocket watch unwinding
on the table -- nothing else
unsettled. I remember one time
how the room looked
changed around,

the sofa left a ghost . . . but after while the empty corners filled themsevles, and seemed the same. . Nothing makes me wonder

anymore - -

the curtains wave some light inside, and I can't think where I left off this morning.

Coming home today alone I saw the house propped up against the elms

like they were pillows gazing off at me past ragweed and tobacco, waiting. Everything is dry: the pond is backing down, just the elms are stubborn, full of sap and leaves. We used to walk down to the pond, after dark, to be around the water.

2

I can look out on the porch from my kitchen, washing dishes -my hands move in and out along the plates and saucers, smoothly. But the eggbeater wants to grind itself, and catch. Hold it to the light, like a tulip, wheeling it around, and see a little rash of brown along the blades, tearing loose -the way I think an old head must work itself apart.

He used to go out after dinner to the porch, and prop his feet against the railing. Then he'd whittle, shooting splinters everywhere.

Once
he carved himself a doll
and never stopped
at that, he
carved it to a whistle.
Finally, he
carved it into nothing.

3

The quiet settles in like stars on the pond. Before I go to bed, a frog jumps toward the moon and disappears.

I dreamed that when they came to sort me out and drive me to the church, I was hiding on my bed I was hiding on my bed I was hiding on my bed I was pile of dirty clothes, and they left me. My daughter has a trailor and a husband with a new career in cinder block; I'm afraid my people move around - his children in the street, their washing on the line - I dreamed the window broke wide open, and the elm tree reached inside shaking rain all down

4

its leaves.

But driving out today, the dust climbs up between the fields -- my daughter glances through to see the tractor and the harrow passing, rusted into place like toys. By the barns, dusty-headed plants whip in and out -- we move on, rolling up the glass while new weeds rise and float so easily aside.

Neil Caudle





# The Student







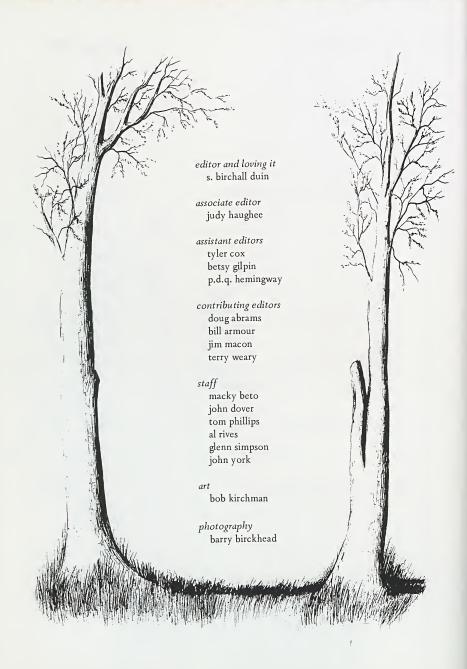
#### Spring 1975

# The Student

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### The Hit-or-Miss Adventures



## of Dick Danger

#### by Glenn King

Dallow me to introduce myself. My name is Dick caser, and although my ability to solve mysteries easily dwarfs that of the average acidhead, I get by. My line of work? Actually, I am classified as a confidential consultant to whoever seeks my services. To the layman, however, I am termed a private eye. My decision to become a private eye was not my own, rather I had intended to pursue the path of a private nose, but found this practice catering exclusively to bloodhounds and anteaters.

So it was out of necessity that I chose to be what I am. (not to mention the outcome of an Ouija board). I can't complain. I like my work. It is exciting, dangerous, prosperous, and I live in the constant fear that my skull will be crushed by a falling cinder that my skull will be crushed by a falling cinder block. Actually, I have nothing to fear but my enemies. That may sound trite, and it should go without saying. But it won't.

The thing that makes it all worthwhile; the sleepless nights, the seemingly endless hours of

Chinese checkers by correspondence while waiting for a case, the days spent on my critical analysis of the Manhatten telephone book, the bag lunch sandwiches consisting of Virginia ham and North Carolina cheese, the thing that keeps me going is that fresh, crisp smell of those C-notes. Call it what you will; kale, cabbage, bread, dough, it is the private eye's staple, and although meat and potatoes are a good substitute, nothing can come quite as close to satisfying the palate of a man in business as that cold, hard cash. I prefer mine with salt.

Actually, I have no reason to continue. But I will. You seem to have caught me at a very opportune time. I happen to have an hour or two of leisure, and it is rare that I get a chance to convey my adventures to others. I do get lonely in my office, and frankly, I welcome the opportunity to entertain you. Just let me tell my secretary to hold all calls and I'll be with you in a minute.

It all started Tuesday morning, last. I knew it promised to be an unusual day when I noticed some Boy Scout had mistaken my newly acquired Andy Warhol Soup can for recyclable aluminum and had taken it in hopes of either cashing it in for a merit badge or trying to set the world's record for tomato soup consumption.

The New York City skyline on this particular summer morning was exceptionally visible, and it offered a stunning view as I made the four block walk from my sub-basement up to my office. They say that breathing that New York City air is the equivalent of smoking two packs of cigarettes. Since

my doctor had told me to cut down, I now breath only when I have to, which is quite often, although am working on a scheme to inhale every now and then.

I like to think of myself as a reasonably call fellow. Laid back, if you prefer. So there was reall no reason to get excited when this peroxide-blond Aphrodite appeared at my door. I asked her to contin, with a voice that was a few decibels below that a dog whistle. She had a seat, which gave me a change to regain control of myself.

"Dick Danger, private eye?" she asked.

"That is the name I usually go by," I told he "Can I be of service?"

"Yes. It is my husband. He has been missing for week now."

"Oh, I see." Normally, I would show her to the door and explain to her that missing husbands we not my line of work. But when one had a figure hers, I listened. Between you and me, her figure described a set of hyperbolas that could cause arteriosclerosis in aardvarks.

"How did you find out about me?" I quizzed since I was not listed in the Yellow Pages. I preferre to handle special cases only.

"I found you advertised on the inside cover of match book." she said.

One didn't question legs like that.

"Go on, about your husband, I mean."

She shifted in her seat, and crossed her legs, let<sup>tjn</sup> her skirt ride up. It only increased my interest. In  $t^{tf}$  case, I mean.



"He has been gone for six days now. Six days without a word. He hasn't even called. Something has happened to him, I know it. Oh my poor Davidd..." She was sobbing now, and as I tried to console her I Wondered how any self respecting male could keep himself away from her for any length of time. I, too, was convinced he was missing, well, either missing, or a homosexual.

I went to work on the case immediately. I had her answer the usual questions about her husband, and <sup>from</sup> what I gathered I gained a fairly composite

picture of this man.

Mr. David Messinger, age 34, vice president of the Acme Messinger Services of Greater New York,

missing for six days.

I asked her if she knew of any possible reasons Why anyone would want her husband dead. She <sup>broke</sup> down and cried at the suggestion. Being a Private eye requires that one get sharp answers to blunt questions. But, I reminded myself, there is hothing like a little tact. I made a mental note of that

and proceeded with the questioning.

She suggested the New York Public Library as a possible enemy, since David had been placed on the Overdue list. I quickly ruled that out as a possibility, although I had been awakened one night to the §creams of this grey haired librarian who had surrounded my apartment and proceeded to hurl holotov cocktails in an effort to make me give back their only paperback copy of Little Women.

Next in order was a description. The only picture he had was his high school yearbook picture, but she assured me he had shaved off his sideburns, beard, mustache, and had his eyelashes fixed. He was about 5, 12", 180 pounds, with dark hair and four toes on

his left hand.

The next move was mine, and I assured Mrs. Messinger that I would get to work. She gave me her phone number and as I showed her out the door, I thought that I just might be cashing in on more than I bargained for, if I cracked this one. You see, a man in business rarely gets time for the pursuit of a formal social life. It all seems to tie into our work. like I say, I don't complain.

My first stop was the men's room down the hall. tom there I proceeded to my link on the police lorce, detective Mark Townshend. Mark was an old hend, and he owed me a favor for finding out who

poisoned his dog.

He said he would cooperate, and accompanied me the city morgue. It was his lunchbreak, he said,

he was trying to lose a few pounds. We inquired about Mr. Messinger, gave a escription, and showed his outdated picture. We were told that a body, not unlike his, had been dredged from the bottom of the East River five days ago, had been held for the required five days, and the claimed and without identification, has been pped upstate New York for use in the Cornell Medical School.



A couple of phone calls confirmed my suspicion, Indeed, Mr. David Messinger had drowned. But murder seemed a better alternative. My problem now was to find out who would want to test his swimming ability. Wearing cement shoes, it was doubtful that he could even pass the Red Cross Beginner Course.

I dialed Mrs. Messinger's number and told her that we had found her husband, dead. She broke down,

cried, and short circuited the phone.

I arranged to have his body sent back for a funeral-in seventeen separate parcels. If I was not trained to handle such macabre situations, I would have become violently ill even at the thought of it. Actually, I lost my appetite and spent the next hour in the bathroom.

A day passed, and I found it was time enough to let Mrs. Messinger get over the initial shock of her husband's death and detective Townshend to get what he could out of the police files. Mrs. Messinger insisted on keeping the police out of the case, as the undue publicity would ruin her seat at her bridge club. I knew it was in my hands. My next task was to find a killer and a motive (although not necessarily in that order).

The long hours of locating and questioning anyone who had known David Messinger was a slow and tedious task. A private eye is trained in the art of interrogation, and although I meet with cooperation, I do have to cope with attempts to break my nose, and otherwise inflict bodily injury. But, as a private eye, I am used to this.

Through these efforts and those of detective Townshend's, we deduced that the Acme Messinger Service was more than it seemed. Mr. David Messinger had been seen with certain figures of Underworld



notoriety, namely, with those of organized crime. That meant only one thing: The Mafia, although I dislike using the term, since members of the Italian-American anti-Defamation League had sent me a nasty letter threatening to lock me in the closet and suck all the air out through a straw.

I was afraid it would come to this. If there is anything a private eye fears, it is falling into the clutches of the mob. Normally, I don't bother them, and they respect my rights. But now I would have to do some probing. People would hear about my curiosity, and it would no longer be child's play. Up to now, I'd played the part of a flunky cub reporter. From now on, the going gets rough. And, normally, if I erred, I could use an eraser to correct my mistake.

Now, one step in the wrong direction and I would be the one erased. I dislike the idea of seeing how long can hold my breath at the bottom of the East Rivel

My next step was to check into the business file of the Acme Messinger Services. To do this require patience, cunning, and a crowbar big enough to bred open the lock.

As a private eye, one must be willing to sometime go beyond the right arm of the law, mainly to secur information by other than legal means. The constituted breaking and entry, and I knew it was class B felony, but it was all in a night's work Besides, if I was caught, I'd fake sleepwalking. If the failed, I'd try bribery. My last resort would be the old Navajo Indian trick of screaming and begging.

As it happened, I gained entrance to the office without being seen by the night watchman. It was dark, but I pride myself in being able to see like a call although every now and then I have an uncand desire for milk.

I located the files and let the crowbar do the restricted by the lock gave under the pressure, along with a few small bones in my hand. I thumbed through the manila folders, and curiously enough, I could restricted by the lock was all in braille. I took one out for analysis and tried to leave everything as I had found it. The lock was beyond repair, so I left a fiver after fled.

My problem was to find some way of decipher<sup>[ii]</sup> these goose-bumps. The police lab was closed and <sup>th</sup> Theater for the Blind was attending a recital by <sup>th</sup> Theater for the Deaf.

I remembered an old lady on my hall, Mf McNeill, who could read braille. Mrs. McNeill is a nit old blind lady who works selling apples during that day and as a freelance safecracker at night. I just might catch her in.

She was listening to Marcel Marceaux record when I came by. She invited me in and offered profile. I told her my problem.

"Oh, I see," she said sympathetically. "I'll do white I can."

I watched her intently as she ran her fingers  $d^{ov}$  the page.

Sometime later, when I asked her if she had a lead she told me to shut my mouth and threatened we sweeten my coffee with strychnine.

Finally, she blurted, "I've never seen anything lik it. It is the best piece of literature I've read since Miracle Worner. It's a pornographic braille novel. You feel the dirty parts!"

That was all I needed to know. As I put the piece together, I realized I had stumbled upon Mafia-operated braille pornographic bool distribution center. Apparently, Acme Messing Services was merely a front for certain illustrivities. It was a clearinghouse for braille porn supplying the 42nd Street smut shops with material It could also be suspect of other activities—narcotics.

gambling, prostitution, and counterfeiting Monopoly money.

I thanked Mrs. McNeill, who insisted on keeping the page for future reference. I had no time to argue, as I was on to something big. I headed toward my office.

On my way, I met up with a bunch of teenage hoodlums who were stealing hubcaps from moving cars. These guys were tough, leather jacket types, complete with the black belt and the acne, who had hothing better to do but hang out on street corners at night and terrorize the New York citizenry. They had the intent of inflicting bodily harm upon me, and I narrowly escaped having my gums massaged with a bicycle chain. I ran for my life, making a mental note to take a taxi next time.

The door to my office was ajar, and I cautiously peered into the dark. I could see nothing. In an effort to surprise the intruders, I kicked open the door and charged in, shouting a variety of Peruvian love chants that I picked up during my karate-by-correspondence course.

The room was black and empty, and as I flipped  $^{0n}$  the light I noticed all of the contents had been  $^{dum}$ ped out on the floor.

Either it had been ransacked or a new cleaning woman was being broken in. I suspected the former. My files had been thrown about in no particular order, and my desk had been turned over and emptied. Anger is not one of my weaknesses, so I sat down and cried.

My phone rang, and I wondered who would call at this time of night. I tried to locate my tape recorder, it was my practice to record all calls, but membered it had been subpoenaed several weeks of I let it ring a few more times, then picked it up. "Hello," I said, expecting the worst.

"Danger, your office could use some carpeting," aid a voice resembling that of the local pizza maker. Come to the coffee shop across from your hole in live minutes, and we'll discuss it. No cops."

"Who is this? I asked, but he had hung up. I knew immediately who I was dealing with. And I didn't actly cherish the thought of wearing cement shoes. doubt they had my size anyway. What I wanted to how was: how had the Mafia found out about me? They certainly hadn't read about it in the New York ork Post.

I checked my .38 snubnose that I carried in my boulder strap, just to make sure it hadn't rusted. I do to carry a .16 gauge shotgun, but it made me tonce, and it sent me about three feet in the air, while the shot created a new tunnel. I use my gun from I have to, although it hasn't been fired since I doubt it. It gives me a sense of security, though, astercharge card. I grabbed my white overcoat and strendards and strendards are to make the shot created and such as the sent and set of the shot created and strendards are the shot created and strendards are the such as the suc

I made my way onto the street, now deserted, and though it was well lit, I stayed close to the buildings, moving in the shadows to avoid detection. A man alone on a empty sidewalk is a sure target for any Mafia sharpshooters. But what I didn'tbargainfor was open manholes, and I almost fell prey to one, in the dark. I would almost be certain of sudden death, falling into the New York sewers. It is almost as dangerous as walking the streets.

As I neared the coffee shop, I came out of the dark to join the ranks of other people out for the night. I would be safe among others, as the Mob rarely tries anything with so many witnesses.

I crossed the street, trying to become lost in the crowd. It was rather difficult though, wearing my



Dick Tracy overcoat in the middle of July. People kept their distance and looked at me as if they expected a show. Flashing is not one of my favorite hobbies, anyway. Actually, I wasn't too interested in appearance, especially my own, right now.

I looked over the coffee shop before I went in. It was fairly crowded, but I clutched my gun in one hand and a comic book pocket version of the Bible in the other.

I opened the door and looked for a suspicious character. Mafiosi can usually be identified by their large cufflinks and their failure to stop eating when the man sitting next to them is hit by a falling anvil. The guy in the end booth seemed to catch my eye, as he had his eyes fixed upon me as soon as I entered. I



stood there and gave him his cold stare back. He was a well dressed man, but his face told me that he was a refugee from an Italian Western.

I decided to play it cool and let him come to me. I grabbed a seat at the counter and ordered a brand of Persian Tea, but settled for coffee. The man got up and sat beside me. He had a rather small frame, and his suit was slightly large. I refrained from laughter though, since I was not particularly interested in sampling his knuckles. He was obviously not the hit man, but more like the brains of the outfit.

"We know what you are on to, Danger. We don't like snoops. Something may happen to you."

I glanced over my shoulder, trying to stop my knees from shaking. I recognized this man from police files. His name was Arturo Leonie, alias Arturo the Knife, alias Arturo alias, alias Reverend Al Goldstein. He had been indicted for attempting to fix the ballet, but had never been convicted. Such it was with Mafiosi; long lists of indictments, but few convictions.

"We have no time to play your games, Danger."

I doubted he would try anything here; the place was crowded still. I gulped my coffee, and gave myself a series of third degree burns.

"I've got a job to do," I coolly replied.

"If it means breaking into offices and snooping around, Danger, then you might find yourself as a part of the cornerstone for the new World Trade Center."

"I was thinking more along the lines of cement shoes," I taunted him. "I've been practicing holding my breath."

He seemed to take offense at my last remark.

"If you're lookin' for trouble, Danger, you're gonna find it!"

"I'm making it my business to find out who

murdered David Messinger," I confessed.

"That's our business now," he said gruffly. "I'd advise you to change jobs, Danger, if you know what's good for you."

I had enough of his threats. Without looking back

I got up to pay the check.

"Have it your way, Danger," he called to medidn't give him the satisfaction of a reply. I went to the door and opened it.

"Sir," said the cashier. "Your change."

I stopped for a moment, then went to get it. I tremendous crash was heard outside. I whirled looked and saw a huge safe halfway embedded in the sidewalk. It was intended for me. Like I said, the Mafia doesn't fool around.

I drew my gun and pointed it toward my friend at the counter. He was not there. He had made his way out the back door. The startled people stared at me in amazement, but I had no time to stop and chat, kicked open the door, bumped into the safe, and rap into the street.

Putting the pieces together, I made my way <sup>to</sup> Mrs. Messinger's apartment. I found the dool unlocked and pushed it open. She was on the phone

She gazed at me in horror and dropped the receiver.

"What are you doing here?" she wanted to know as if I shouldn't have been alive.

"Surprised?" I asked, knowing she was. I had not gun on her.

"I found out who murdered your husband," I said

bolly "You are a good actress; you almost had me looled."

"You're lying!" she screamed. It was no longer the oice of a beautiful woman; it was now that of a

delpless girl.

"No," I continued, still covering her with my pistol." Your husband was vice president of a Mafia front that dealt in pornographic braille, and you were h business with him. But something happened; either you wanted a bigger share of the profits, or David hreatened to cut you out completely. So you had him, shall we say, exterminated. You didn't do it, but You hired one of those Mafia goons to do it for you."

"What gave you away, honey, was that phone call got. The only person who knew what I was doing Were you and myself. Someone must have tipped off he mob, and it certainly wasn't me. That leaves you, aby. You also had my murder set up, but it ackfired-I was saved by about seventy-five cents North of change. Your little operation at the Acme lessinger Service is now defunct. I opened a hole for he police to fill. They will crack down on that and hose involved. And that includes you, baby."

"But why would I hire you, if I knew he was lead?" she asked.

"The way I figure it, sugar, in order to collect the undred thousands dollar life insurance policy that he ad, you had to prove he was dead. So you hired me find out for you. You knew that the trail would ead me to the mob, and when I found out more than lou bargained for, you arranged to have me become a permanent part of the sidewalk. You see, I did a little hecking of my own. You didn't know I knew about he insurance policy. What also helped in David's Wnfall was his affectionate secretary. You knew bout that, too, and it only compounded your Notives for killing him. How about it, sugar?"

She was in tears now, as she dropped the straps of er strapless negligee. She let it fall to the floor and anding before me was a naked Venus who seemed

be saying, "Take me, I'm yours."

"Nick, we could go away together. Just the two of

she cooed as she moved closer.

"Sorry sugar, I'm engaged," I told her, although it was hard to take my eyes from her beautiful naked

She held out her right arm to me, while her left <sup>produced</sup> a .45 pistol.

"Don't do it, baby," I warned, holding my gun

She whirled to fire, but I fired first, hitting her in the shoulder.

She faded fast, but I managed to get it in before she went.

The police finished what I had started, hvestigating with such ferocity that the mob moved out of Manhattan and onto the docks of Brooklyn to low and let things cool for awhile. The sale of cement shoes was drastically reduced by this action, and the Manhattan lasagna consumption dropped to an all time low.

As for myself, I think I'll plan a much needed vacation, more out of necessity than relaxation. The mob still has a contract out on me, so I'll do my best to stay incognito.

I bought an assortment of locks for my door, along with a beartrap.

I wear different disguises to the office, and right now, I am impersonating a Jewish rabbi.

I leave recorded messages on the phone saving that

I am alive and well and living in Argentina.

You see, when the Mafia puts out a contract, they never miss twice. It would be in my own best interests to disappear for a short period of time-maybe about ten years. I read about a new ski resort in Southern Antarctica that is hiring.

Damn, there is the phone.

"Hello."

"What?"

"Somebody sold you a fake inkblot and you want me to investigate? Sorry but I am out to lunch. This is a recording."

I've got to get going. If I keep on the move, I have less of a chance of taking an involuntary swim.

Thanks for listening. Just don't tell anybody where I am.



I hope to turn again to Bushwacher Falls, the lichen on trees like pencils back with rain from righteous erect pines,

echoes black of water below on clay;

to pull up from the lacy hem and ask why squirrels crawl into telephone fuse boxes, their eyes callow and open;

I will uproot rain, and carry it holy to stream down over the tired alter, a joint across two distinct banks and moving creek;

to chant the text of questions hovering light, methodical orders unforeseen in slow sloping drizzle.

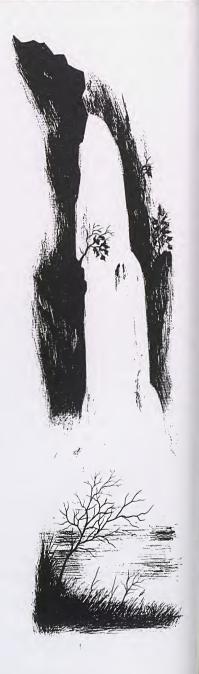
> the disinterested robin saw my eyes macerate: stairs inclined forge their way loose foot at the apex;

last winter I found iced feathers beside the slate walk, watching drainage flow melt, curve down the gutter;

Dad said, file the dead bird under trash, Doug; but I couldn't waste the heat and fed it sunflower seeds and peanut

butter; the neck stiff as rose vine clawed the black flakes, (four or six) looked for the snow on Caesar's Head - spill spory forth;

next morning earliest ants drank white nausea to wash down sunflowers while lethargic jaws work apart the iris



## Poetry by Doug Abrams

The Wolf's Moon

The flux of winter reconciles the crushing seasons like depleted staple emptying out, marks a gradual loss of interface: a cold calm blurs wind straw grass, rounded hills fill pine, fir maple; the varied roots give stability from faces.

where the steepness offends trees, weed stands content, holding intact flighty soil:

harmonies in part incongrous.

One wonders how to concinnate as well the impulses to hoard and lavish, having gauged the mete from center; the fringes are blighted away:

the core of the matter rests at parity; neither sustained by images accumulating illuvial and concealed without moderation, nor dominated by primordial substance



The Death of Her Husband (to Flo Fleischman)

She found Papa Ted dying one night; as she pulled him, in his incoherence, to the buick, "Flo," he said, "Did you remember to lock the house?"

The Sins of the Fathers

I The Burial

On a mound in Colts Neck roses shift by a flame; spread upon the grass, seeds moist peat, and perlite readies to grow new:

Your brother dreamed he walked through the white door; laid on the dark stair's oak. His mother and father argued whether he was drunk, dead or stoned; holding the old throat of the man, contracted like bread beneath sure hands, he heard rigid jubilances: maternal laughter breaking.

The child you first bore heard dirt reaving; the polish of brass that wants darkness. A fine funeral, a balance of wine and tears

II Striking the balance

fish emulsion wets gluttonous roots; sun was ample; like copras the stems spread, the flapping sheets green. The shamrock lost two leaves; had they feet, the two would rise and walk away, but they feed the old in roots. Whose hand held them, once bait for wind like a capon's crow wedged from earth

#### Imitation

Sometimes folks make me one of the best guards in B-ball I can't play that game I hit golf balls during tryouts in Jr. Hi I was the only one cut after the first half of practice, now I'm a star while walking some folks greet me Hi "Skip" I speak, smile, and walk; can't hurt his image a kid asked for an autograph couldn't hurt his feelings . . . so Best wishes "Skip" I wrote he smiled A Dean asked me "how will the season be" "Oh fine . . . . goodbye" but he asked for more I couldn't embrass him An African said "Clef and Skep sound aleak" sure they do even a black lady wanted to know was I "Skip" "No I'm not" I'm not "Skip" I'm Clef I mean Cliff

Clifford Robinson

#### I haven't got a title

I'm sorry I can't pass it to you now don't know if one can grab it you might get it but you'll need both hands it would be easier with a handle.

Clifford Robinson



## Washing the Dishes

I have never really reconciled myself: the stratified variety: thread through stem and leaf, the waxed numbness weaving its way like senility:

my head is no good, Grandma Ana said, that'll be what goes first:

I take what comfort there is: I have one foot that doesn't hurt as bad as the other; there are some people who I haven't brought pain: but the stalk never gets its fill, I know, having poured out anything within reach:

I am not good enough, a rock, a load of lard on a life raft; the water flicks off in ashes, greasy welts

they feed my father aspirin for candy, hyacinth doesn't rage; I can't speak over the shrubbery, our dog is shaking the low branches.

emerges limp dog in her teeth: Pg, I stand in your light, the dishes can't be cleaned, the foam flows over the sink:

Doug Abrams

### TRIUNITY

THE POET went there to write of the place,

a poets always have and always will go there to write.

There the three planes

Ocean

and Sky touch,

not intersecting in a straight line but meeting randomly, aged and crooked,

The wind squeegees the water and breathes on the land; the water chews on the land and slips back under the wind; and the land defies them both.

God at the pinnacle of his brilliance made this place first, forming the rest of the world from the

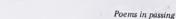
eftovers.

hood there on a rock, The First, Impened by the water, The Second, Ind leaned by the wind, The Third. Ind I didn't have to leave until I had seen it all, Ind was ready.

William L. Brown, Jr.

The stars chilling-A warm hole in the cloud covering Envelopes the black Bringing into focus the fragile Eternal lacework above.

Sam Martin





I see them moving through holes in the wind, their bodies growing into a screen of light wavering, colors scattering, their voices rippling as they turn to one another smiling swirling, asking if the sound is fine enough for losing the words, destroying the syllables for the matter of not having to depend on them becoming whole,

And I run as fast as I can
to the other side,
to see them coming out,
becoming swollen, or smaller,
laughing, or crying,
in love, or lost,
natural, or insane to see if any one of them still knows me.
I wait.
I feel the wind around me
and watch for change,
as if it were life passing and not death advancing.

M. Pate

#### CATERPILLARS

We lived on a semicircle, Lorna Drive when I was five. The world was my back yard, and two blondes lived up the hill past the hollyhocks. I said I'd rather play next door

then.

because they smelled funny at that house on the hill,

and my mother sighed when she thought about the house next door where no one was ever sure who were whose parents or children

(at least I never knew).

So I tried out the front vard and found Mary Bainagh picking lightning bugs off my mimosa trees along with the pink fluffs

of bloom that we said smelled like peaches. Mary Bainagh

had brown braids so long that she could sit on them,

and they curled on the ends. One day

we were walking the walk that ran

between the trees and shadows of her lawn.

The trees were so old and tall, you had to squint to see the buds

just coming out at the top. it was spring and

the shadows still cooled the grass past noon.

Mary Bainagh said, "Look!" and I did

at a caterpillar crawling up a tree trunk.

Then I really looked and there were lots, lots more

than I had ever seen before.

They were brown and fuzzy and striped

with black and white.

Mary Bainagh and I talked it over, then ran to find some paper bags

from Mary Bainagh's basement, then started to pick them-

the caterpillars - off the trees like blackberries off bushes.

(We didn't know why.) We sang

and talked while we worked, and soon

the rolled down bags were filled all but to their tops.

(And we still didn't know why.) We put the bags

down in the road, and then one of us-

I don't remember whichtook a run

and jump to land both feet square in the middle of a bag,

and the gray-green ooze spilled on the road

and our shrieks spilled too like laughter.





And they were laughter, and
we ran
and jumped and jumped and jumped
and jumped

till the road was full and our shoes were stained,

and the air rang with screams and laughter till we stopped

and it was quiet. Then

we hid in the bushes till a man came

and walked through the ooze

and we giggled in suffocating gasps of silence, but

he heard us and cried out for us to sav

what is was we laughed about. His face

was very still when we told him, And our faces

changed too

and stillness.

Then

he explained it to us

(what

we had done)

And asked us

what if we were caterpillars stuffed

into a bag

and splattered so that we

never

never, never, never, never had

a chance to be butterflies.

And I cried, and I think

Mary Bainagh did too.

After that,

I took to feeding ants

in cracks

of sidewalks.

I fed them

Zesta Saltine crackers crumbs and the rest of my lunch.

Got kinder, I did.

And can you tell

when my fact is still,

so still.

what manner of butterfly lives here?

.....

J. K. Haughee





# Blues on Acorn Street

## by Mike Pate

Stoner's house was cold. So were his wife and five children. The snow had been coming down for three days now, stopping cars, factories, and the trains. Stoner was most worried over the trains though, because they were the only means of fuel for him and others who lived in this poor section of town. For years the cars loaded with coal were mounted and robbed as they slowed down before entering the city. For years tons of the black stuff was heaved off to waiting hands that held smutty, burlap sacks. But the trains had stopped coming-at least for another week and there were no chimneys smoking on Acorn Street, Parsons Street, Bloom Street and countless others.

Stoner knew he couldn't wait. He had no money-only five bottles of rum that were going fast. As his body kept warm by the alcohol, his wife kept screaming -

"Why did you go and buy that likker when we're freezin', damn you. You worthless bum! Don't you care at all 'bout us? We're runnin' out a food too and we're gonna for you get more money. Dammit, we're gonna starve if we don't freeze first!"

"Ah, go t' hell, woman," he said, staggering towards the door.

"Well there I'd be a lot warmer than here! Hey, where you goin'?"

"Shut your mouth!" he yelled as he slammed the door.

He could hear her at the window, still howling, as

he hit the street. Then he saw Beech standing on the corner and decided to ally with him.

"What's goin' Beech?" he said as he came close-"Freezin' man, and my wife's down. No trains, pl coal, no nuthin."

"Yeh, same here. Got some rum though, if  $y^{0^{\parallel}}$  care fer it."

Beech reached out for the bottle, then took drink. A nod came as he handed it back.

"What do you figger we can do 'bout it?" asked Stoner, looking around at the swirling snow.

"Don't know," said Beech.

"Well I been thinking 'bout it," said Stoner," and come on the Johnson coal yard five blocks from here. He's got t' have somethin' in there, least ways enough t' tide us over till the trains start up again. Whaddiyeh think?"

"Got a dog in there," said Beech.

"A dog? Well no dog's gonna stop-"

"Damn mean dog," said Beech squenching. "Med bull that'l eat your ass. I done been there."

"You seen 'im?" asked Stoner.

"Tore up jack wid ole Parker. Near took off 'is le' 'fore he climbed that fence. Funniest damn thing' seen in a long time."

"Hurt 'im?" asked Stoner.

"Damn right-could a killed 'im if I wadn't there

"Could we shoot 'im?"

"No-too much noise. Police are checking"."

"Poison?"

"No, done tried it. He's a smart un he is."

"Well there's got t' be a way. It's sure too cold t' let a dog keep us out." said Stoner.

"Yeh, and it's sure too cold t' stand out here.

Come on, let's go to Bob's."

Bob's was crammed to the sills with desolated humanity, too poor to stay and too warm to leave. The bar was the only place that wasn't so crowded, yet those standing there had no money either. Bob was mad enough at the crowd to close up, but he knew that they would remember him if he did-and he knew they would keep coming in if he didn't.

"Why don't you bastards get 'lectric heat and the tains wouldn't matter," he would say occasionally

amid the jumbled talking.

When Stoner and Beech walked in he shot a hard glance at them and said it again.

"Come off it, man," said Stoner, "I got some change."

"Alright now! There's a man;" said Beech.

"Whatcha got fer a quarter?" asked Stoner, with a laugh.

"Damn you!" Bob said and started to turn. Then he turned back toward the two newcomers.

"A dog in heat," he said with a sneer.

Laughter came from the bar and sparsely through the crowd. It left Beech huddled in shame and he drew away from the new fool beside him. But Stoner didn't move. He suddenly changed his expression to one of straight-forwardness. After a moment of thought he asked tensely.

"You got one?"

The crowd hollared with laughter.

"Sure." said Bob beginning to restrain himself. "Cain't let 'er out and cain't let 'er stink up th' place."

"Well here's my quarter." said Stoner excitedly, with more laughter building behind him.

"What?" asked Bob.

"My quarter. Here-for th' dog. Hurry dammit and



gimme that dog. Cain't stand around man, it's cold at home."

"You ain't gonna burn that dog are you?" asked Beech, looking at Stoner through scared eyes.

"Hell no, man. You crazy or somethin. Gimmie the dog, Bob."

"Alright man, she's yours just so you don't throw 'er in no furnace."

Stoner grabbed her and ran towards the door through the pounding roar of the crowd. As the door flew open, Bob yelled out at him.

"You ain't gonna eat 'er are yeh?"

The streets lay mute around Johnson's Coal Yard. It was one o'clock in the morning and freezing cold.

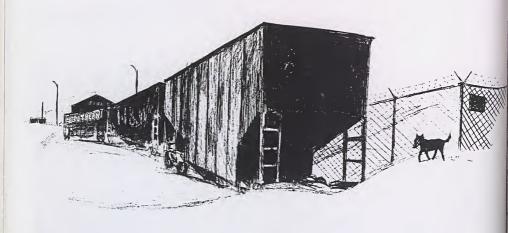
Stoner looked around and then climbed over the fence with two sacks under his belt. At one-fifteen he was back over the fence and heading home with two sacks crammed with coal. As strong as he was though he grew tired and decided to stop at Beech's to rest It was a long moment before a mad, sleep-ridden face opened the door.

"Who th' hell-Stoner! What you mean, man, comin' here at one-thirty in th' morning?"

"Got t' rest-and it's one-forty five, not one-thirty See here - I got two bags a' coal and I need t' rest a minute out a' th' weather."

Beech blinked, then wide eyed, asked where the coal came from.

"Down at Johnson's."



"Johnson's? How-"

"If you want any you better go now. By morning that dog is gonna be hell."

"What?"

Stoner got up to leave and Beech followed close behind him all the way to the door.

"What?" he asked again.

"What what?" asked Stoner in return.

"What you talkin' bout?" pleaded Beech.

"Well, when all you wuz laughin' your butts off I wuz buyin' my fire. Fer a quarter cheap. While you all 'uz jokin' behind my back I wuz changing' things down there at Johnson's."

Beech was in full confusion.

"You know," said Stoner, "maybe I'm a rummy

and maybe I'll die for th' years out, but that still don't mean I ain't got no God-given sense. What do you think settles my meaness the most? Rum, right? Well everbody to his own. That bull dog's got his own right now and she's gonna last till tomorrow anyway-till ole man Johnson finds out there's she-dog in wid his only protection."

Beech ran out, grabbed an empty sack and was gone before Stoner could say another word. Stoner picked up his load and felt the she-dog struggle within.

"Laugh they will." he thought as he yelled o<sup>16</sup> 'Good luck' to Beech through the night and the snot" "Can see it all now. Bull dog and at least ten of 'e<sup>r)</sup> just a runnin'."



Brothers, it was the kind of year that you dream about in those fleeting seconds before twelve Budweisers put you to sleep. We've tried to capture in this crapbook not only the highlights of the year - the beer blasts, "morning mixer", and Beach Weekend - but those silly little moments when we all reveled in the brotherhood of Pigma Sti....spring days on the quad....dressing out of the same closet....laughing over the same of exams year after year....stopping by woods on a snowy evening....playing with the N.Y.M.P.H.'s (our sister society)....trying to understand why anyone would pledge Sigma Chi....

We dedicate this scrapbook to the following individuals:

Buford Isenhour, President of Pigma Sti Chester Dillard, Vice President Garcia Smith, Treasurer General Pierre Gergar, Tool Sweaty Dan Conners, Sargent-at-stomach Fart Williams, Secretary and Room-clearer

(and "Choo-choo" Guppy, who provided us with the best example of poor taste when he dropped trou in the middle of a basketball game with the Kappa Sigs - the refs walked off, the crowd stormed on)



7:00 A.M. ..... PRETTY POOR BUT YOU GOTTA START SOMEWHERE



BIZARRE DATE CONTEST WINNERS TINA DAHL
AND CARL TACY JR.



THE IZOD SHIRTS AND KHAKI PANTS
ARE IN ANOTHER CLOSET

## **FACULTY ADVISOR**



DOC MAY HAVE FOUND THE SOLUTION FOR LOUD MOUTH PLEDGES

Advisor: Lewis (Doc) Martin - age unknown ... native of Atlanta, Georgia...has been Pigma Sti advisor since out founding...is a vital cog of Wake Forest's athletic program serving as trainer for all WFU sports squads since 1958... one of the most popular members of the athletic staff with the athletes and is also one of the most well known and respected trainers in the country and is also a great lay ... graduated from M.I.T. with a degree in manipulation and massage . . .from there he went to C.C.N.Y. as assistant trained (where he felt out of place) . . . acquired head job at Furman !! 1955 and held that position until Paul Amen recruited him three years later to help discipline the first group of 0-10 football players at Wake Forest . . . Wake soared to a 3-7 mark during the 1958 season and has been winning ever since ... Was originally selected as interim advisor to Pigma Sti but gained full support when he bull-whipped some sense into a less that cooperative motel employee during beach weekend, 1960 ... bachelor, Doc regularly frequents Wednesday night get-togethers in order to maintain his sanity, usually with brothers' dates, and has maintained campus-wide prestige by escorting the winner of the Pigma Sti ugly date contest for six years running...loses much of his strict disciplinarian image while visiting the house...is frequently seen kidding with the brothers and occupying the front three couches in the tool room . . . also is a well-known culinary expert, much to his over accreditation ... he resides in faculty apartment no. 1 and the first floor single when weather is bad and during cheerleader tryouts.

Dear Men.

The academic part of an education is important, but all too often one misses out on the social aspects. Belonging to a fraternity can greatly add to one's social life and also be of benefit academically.

No doubt you're already curious and may be planning to join a fraternity or other organization. "One is as good as the other," you say, "so how's the best way to decide?"

The answer to that is up to you, but we feel that Pigma Sti has more to offer in many areas than our fellow organizations. The purpose of this letter is to tell you something about us. Here are some highlights from last year's activities which may give you a feeling for the flavor of frat life:

-- Twenty new brothers were initiated with flying colors and bottles. There were only a few minor injuries and one threat of litigation. By a coincidence, all twenty are from Raleigh, just like the other 40 brothers.

- We painted the house to celebrate the city's rescinding the condemnation order. Also, a third bedroom was added and some blocks were placed at the front door for steps.

- The Fall Ball featured The Golden Throats, a local barbershop quartet with a wonderful potential talent; Bob Gordon made a great appearance, climaxing a successful event.

- Charlie Williams, our genius in residence went to electronics school, so now he can put a speaker in the TV and build an amp for the stereo. By the way, the police say they're pretty close to recovering all our tapes and records.

- We broke our 1967 academic record, with an average QPR of 1.47. (It might have been better, but some of us got bad breaks.)

-- Our basketball team won first place, but in their excitement tore down the net and hoop and lost the official nerf ball.

- The inimitable Dr. McIntosh gave a superb seminar on "The Ontological Proof of Intervisitation."

- The Honor Council agreed to forget about Red Bra Weekend.

- Our coed study session with the N.Y.M.P.H.'s will continue, but three times a week now that we've gotten reduced rates at King County Drive-In.

Anyway, you get the picture. We can't begin to tell you about it; it's something you have to experience. So come by the house and talk with the brothers. It's an opportunity you can't afford to pass up.

We look forward to seeing you.

Sincerely Executive Council Pigma Sti Fraternity THE BROTHERHOOD CELEBRATES
THE FIRST WEDNESDAY IN SEPTEMBER
AND WELCOMES MCARTHUR, OUR
FIRST RUSHEE



FART HANDLED TWO MUGS, BUT COULD NOT HANDLE THOSE JUGS





THE BROTHERS HOLD SERVICES IN WAIT CHAPEL TO CELEBRATE THE SECOND WEDNESDAY IN SEPTEMBER





FART AND ROCKY CHECK THROUGH THE HYMNAL FOR DIRTY PARTS



SWEATY IS LOOKING FOR IT; THEY HAVE FOUND IT





CHESTER AND GARCIA EXPLAIN THE JOYS
OF FRATERNITY LIFE AND THE PLEASURES
OF RACK DATES TO MCARTHUR

SECOND TIME THIS YEAR THAT WILLY HAS BEEN IN THE CHAPEL; FIRST TIME WAS CONVOCATION - HE BROUGHT HIS OWN Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Brownnose 111 Udder Avenue Mootown, Maryland 21146

Dear Mom and Dad,

Tomorrow, I realign the rudder in the voyage of life and set my sails to catch the winds of maturity. Tomorrow, I catch but another glimpse of what it means to grow up and experience all that is golden and real and worth living for.

Yes, Mom and Dad, you guessed it. Tomorrow I pledge a fraternity,

It has been a tough choice as there are ten fraternities and the Alpha Sigs here at Wake Forest and most all of them expressed some interest in me. A couple I eliminated pretty quick though. As you must remember I wasn't the world's prettiest baby and simply wasn't good-looking enough to go EX; but heck, the Pikas told me I wasn't ugly enough to pledge there. And also since I don't like ham and biscuits and I have no interest in dating sweat hogs, things just wouldn't have worked out at the KA house.

To make a long story short, I'm going Pigma Sti. The decision was prompted by a couple of things, including the two Pigma brothers who have been camping in a pup tent in the hall outside my door since hard rush began. To tell you the truth, the main reason is cause by the time I'm a senior, I will be able to move down to the 1st floor of the house which is where the varsity cheer-leaders live.

Dad, a couple of things I'm gonna need:

l. Tips on how to hurl flatus - I'm in the big leagues now.

2. The latest guide on house-breaking technique - this will be necessary at exam time

3. The best golf clubs money can buy

4. 17 Izod shirts, 9 pairs of khaki pants, and 6 alpaca sweaters

5. A change of address - Dad, they think I'm from Virginia Beach.

Hurry!

Love, McArthur Brothers! A special treat! The following is a transcript of a tape recording made in the Ladies Rest Room during a Pigma Sti beer blast. Unfortunately (?) some words and phrases were inaudible due to plumbing noises, but actual conversations are recreated as closely as possible.

Flush. Door slams.

- 1. Hi. Boy, do you look pissed off about something.
- 2. Yeah, well crap, I apparently got a blind date with Mr. Obnoxious himself. He's looked at me once all evening and has been dancing with every other girl here. He also just poured half a can of beer down my halter top. Damn.
- 1. I've seen you around at a lot of parties. Are you a N.Y.M.P.H.? I am, but the society is so humongous I don't know all the girls yet. I just pledged.
- 2. Oh ... no I'm from Salem and I'm usually a Kappa Sig girl.
- 1. Well what brings you to this neck of the woods? You really shouldn't lower yourself like this, you know, it does terrible things to your reputation.

- 2. Doubt it could be much worse than it is already, I guess. Jesus, these Pigma Stis are such derelicts. I mean, they all dress alike, and talk the same, and get drunk as hell.
- 1. Yeah, I've had three guys trip over me, one pinched me on the ass, and the other two were so drunk they never saw me at all. Damn you're taking your life into your hands when you get on the dance floor at all.
- 2. The band's good, but I want to leave with all my toes on. I'd say the beer on the floor is at least an inch deep since they blew up the keg with that blow torch.
- 1. Wow that was cool! The air was pure foam for five minutes. Well, listen I gotta get back to my dumb date. The only trouble with him is that he loves to bump and I'm not kidding, but I think my ass has been damaged for good. I mean, you just wouldn't believe the bruises. He's got on this metal studded belt. . . . . . . Well, see ya.
- 2. Those N.Y.M.P.H.'s are such bores. And those clothes she's really out of it. (Flush).
  - 3. Hi. (hiccups)
  - 2. Can you stand up?
- 3. I doubt it. My date had to carry me (hiccups) to the bathroom door. He wanted to bring me in and told me to stick my finger down my throat, but that's too gross.
  - 2. Are you gonna get sick?
- 3. I don't know. My stomach feels like a washing machine.
  - 2. Oh, well. See you later.
  - 3. I feel sooo bad I think I'm gonna die.



THE TOOL MAKES MERRY

- 4. (Slams door.) Whew. I'm glad to get away from him. I have a feeling my honor won't be much longer for this world. Wolf .....(mimics voice) "I've got such a beautiful candle in my room. You're the Most Beautiful Girl I've ever seen. Doncha wanna see my candle??.....Uh, hey, are you okay? You don't have to sit on the floor, you know, there's a chair up here.
  - 3. Who's that?
  - 4. Who's your date?
  - 3. Uh.
  - 4. Let's go find him. C'mon.

(Two voices recede, two approach.)

- 5. I think it's time we had a talk.
- 6. Why, what's the matter?
- 5. Are you trying to snake my date?
- 6. Why, what on earth are you talking about?
- 5. Look, cut the crap and that phony innocence. Pve been watching you mince up to within two inches of him and roll your eyes with that revolting smile.
- 6. Well, listen honey, you're not doing the best Job in the world of holding onto him. He's been dancing with all the other girls and even by himself. I think you deserve it. Last time you went out with a ligma Sti you ditched him for someone else. You should be complaining. And the last thing I want to be doing is be in here with you when I could be out there with him. (Slams door).
- 5. Bitch, bitch, bitch. I don't give a damn about him anyway. He was a real ass. But I hate those damn stag girls. Especially UNC-G. They're so horny they all end up with half their clothes off by the end of any party. She'll get hers!



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, TOOL TAKES MARY UP TO ROOM

- 7. Hi. I'm staying here 'til the party's over. We have to get out by 12 anyway, so I only have 2 hours to wait.
  - 5. What't the matter?
- 7. Oh, I'm bored. My date passed out under the amplifier and I decided to leave him there 'cause it was too noisy to bother.
- 5. You say you're bored? How come your hair's wet, your stockings are in ribbons and your underwear's showing out of the rip in your skirt?
- 7. Well, let me see. My hair got wet when we played bob for the empty beer can in the bucket where the keg used to be; the stocking runs are from where my date decided to "frisk" me --
  - 5. All over?
- 7. And the rip came from a bite by a rabid brother, foaming at the mouth and all. He was apparently in a frenzy from shagging for about an hour without stopping.
  - 5. Oh.
  - 7. What do you say we have a game of pinball?
- 5. Sounds good! Hey, now we know why they keep the pinball machines in here.



## ACADEMIC REPORT

Well Brudders, we jumped out of the acedemic gutter this year since that bunch of fags, the SAE's let those illiterate deigos into their ranks: none of 'em could speak English, so our Q.P.R. is only second from the bottom! The situation was also improved because we only had two Brudders put on acedemic probation and only two expelled. And to top it off, we won the intramural Wrestling championship. Hot-damn! what a wham-bang year.

In the picture above we see the fearless Flying Wedge led by our interlectual, Buford Isenhour, from Spruce Pine, North Carolina. Just look at that mother-fowler whirl thru that exam. Bygum, he's got the fastest pen on campus and an automatic cumputerized brain to boot. To his left is Bucky, from Intercourse, Pennsylvania, and to his right,

yours truly, Jimmy Humsucker of Luckenback, Texas. Also on the right are Arno and Plato, and the left are Flash, Porky, Spooky and Rene. And we're all staring down toward the center of the Pig Sti interlect, to say nothing of the Flying Wedge, good of Buf - everyone sharing in the true sense of fraternal love.

Allow me to digress from the main theme of this report for a moment, Brudders, to encourage all to do their best to study their buns off in the future: we got to all graduate, Brudders, so we can have these wild-ass partys when we get fat and rich and have stories to tell. Brudders! I say Brudders you know I like all my Brudders ('cept Plato since the twirp snaked my date at beach weekend) so I wouldn't lead you astray: Study! Study! Study! Get out dem notes and read dem jewels. Golly dang, your my kind of guys! Not a one of you owns a pansy-ass Volkswagen <sup>or</sup> Datsun. We've got the hottiest, flahiest motor-pool in the campus. So please listen (and I don't say please often) and do you best and maybe next year we'll move up again. But now, we've got some kegs to buy So I'll let our frat poet lariat, Rene Pleindemerdes of Baton Rouge take over.

Merci, Messeur Humsucker, I will do mon best! Et, mon dear Freres, I aussi encourage you and have composed cette lyric for the occasion:

### To Mes Amis

Mes Amis, we drink too long and study too late
Too busy on the phone trying to get a date,
But what chick wants to hump with a flunkie?
They hold their nose and say "OH, what a skunkie!
you will never marry me, goober brain,
Unless you go to med-school or law-school; are you insane?
I will not take your lolliepop unless you at least
Make an A in bio-chemistry, quit licking you beast!"

And so it goes for the sorry lazy-bones With his head full of Wet Willys and Rolling Stones; For alas, only doctors and lawyers can pay For a decent piece of pie these days!

Merci, mes chers Freres, and keep that Wedge Flying!



N.Y.M.P.H.'S AND BLOODY MARYS
JOIN THE BROTHERS IN FRONT
OF THE HOUSE FOR OUR ANNUAL MORNING MIXER







SOME N.Y.M.P.H.'S LASTED LONGER THAN OTHERS





NOW I ASK YOU, DO THESE PEOPLE LOOK DRUNK?



WHO THE HELL CALLED THE NATIONAL GUARD?

# National Guard Smashes Sti 'Morning Mixer'

Pigma Sti and N.Y.M.P.H.'s, rollicking in the misty dawn, brought National Guard paratroopers down on the campus Thursday to break up their "morning mixer."

Reports that inebriated partiers were publicly consuming Bloody Marys mixed in a hefty bag brought the deans of men and women to the Sti House. After sampling the contraband and trucking a couple of quick shags, the deans locked the lounge and called in the Guard.

The soldiers successfully routed the rebels from the area, employing a diversionary assault against the couch-barricades out front while sending a squadron through the holly trees and onto the Pigma Sti "sun-roof."

The morning mixer began with the N.Y.M.P.H.'s serving the brothers breakfast in bed. Confusion developed, however, when several N.Y.M.P.H.'s, punchy from lack of sleep, began serving lunch instead.

Dancing followed the initial breakfasts and lunches with music provided by Tyrone Mims and the Mystiques. Five-iron wielding pledges, decked out in green 'gator' shirts, khakis, and topsiders served 'grits-on-graham cracker 'hors d'oeurves.

Not all members of the two groups participated since several brothers were hard-pressed and more than one-half of the girls couldn't make it down.



THIS PISSES ME OFF



THE TRAGIC AFTERMATH

# Fraternities or Houses? An Objective View

Shortly after his arrival at Wake Forest, the male student is faced with the problem of choosing the lifestlyle he will follow and the type of associations he will form during his college career. Some choose the fraternity life while others become active in residence houses. Theoretically, the choice a student makes depends on his individual taste, and lifestyles differ enough to enable each student to find the type of life which suits him.

Male students are almost unanimous in what they consider the most important factor in deciding between house and fraternity life. According to results of the survey of freshmen taken annually by the center for psychological services, foremost in the students' minds is the opportunity for sexual activity. Evidence shows that fraternities clearly have the advantage in this respect: 35% more girls get laid each week in fraternities.

Several reasons for this difference have been proposed by college experts throughout the country. A 1974 study by Sponsen and Taneous revealed that it is easier to get an erection in a fraternity. Besides, how many UNC-G girls can you get into a dorm room, and for that matter, how many dorm rooms can you get into a UNC-G girl?

The fraternity also offers an advantage for the less aggressive male by providing a communal sweetheart....even if he doesn't like her and she isn't worth a damn anyway. Besides, it's a known fact that all house members are fags, as a retired Taylor house head confirmed last week.

As young men preparing themselves for the competition of the world outside school, most students also want a lifestyle which will prepare them for their future. Again, fraternities seem to have an advantage. Fraternity brothers have unlimited opportunities for brown-nosing—excellent practice for life. "In a house I don't have to kiss the ass of a guy I don't like," said the Mens Residence Council president recently. "In a frat you can kiss the ass of somebody you do like," responded a fraternity member.

Fraternity life allows the student to identify with a majority group in society-the red-neck no minds

instead of the intellectuals of resident houses. Fraternity life teaches students how to behave in public also ..where else can they learn the difference between a big 7 and a sassy 8 passing by on the way to the post office?

For the culturally-oriented student, fraternity life provides opportunities for learning appreciation of good music with beautiful beach lyrics. Meanwhile all houses have is the sounds of Bach, who wasn't even talented enough to think of lyrics. And have you ever tried to shag or bump to Bach?

Fraternities also provide for spiritual growth, with frequent encounters with God. God's name is used much more often in fraternities—all the members will swear to it.

One can also make better grades in fraternities, since houses never provide tests three days in advance, nor do they have a complete library of term papers for each of the sixteen departments on campus.

Perhaps some students are looking for benefits in areas besides drinking, sex, and education; again fraternities have advantages. They provide private parking lots for their members, they automatically dominate campus athletics since all the best athletes on campus are in fraternity intramurals, and they have their own frisbee court. Houses do have their advantages, of course. Although house members don't have the satisfaction of telling their brothers what they had to drink for the past four days...or eath they do have a communal TV. And house members say they don't even notice that it doesn't work.

In the final analysis, houses seem to appeal to students who aren't attracted by such trivial matters as sex, drinking, culture, dancing, religion, academics and friendship. Meanwhile fraternities appeal to the rare students who somehow finds these elements attractive. The qualifications of the former group probably fit many different types of individuals, adversity which makes, houses "a good deal, diversity which makes, houses "a good deal, eccording to one who chose this lifestyle. "There is no residence house man," he commented. "And that's great," added a fraternity member.



SIGMA CHI'S USUALLY DON'T RATE SO HIGH





THE ADMINISTRATION ORDERED BEER OUT OF THE LOUNGES; SO WE TAPPED THE URINAL



## HELL WEEK BROUGHT OUR PLEDGES TO A FULLER UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE AROUND THE HOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Brownnose 390 Thalia Drive Virginia Beach, Virginia

Dear Mommy and Daddy,

Well, this is Hell Week for the pledges and they say its the culmination of everything that fraternity life is all about and I don't know about that I only know that I have not been getting any sleep lately 'cept dozing off once or twice while waiting in line at the snack shop for 54 vanilla milkshakes.....

Last night the brothers kidnapped me and left me nude in Whitaker Park with just a Band-Aid and a pack of Tareytons and I think I got back just in time for exercise night, where all us "damn" (lucky) pledges got to push all the brothers on a tour of the campus in a Mack truck and trailor. Four of us pledges died in front of the gym but I made it back Mommy and gosh I really think I'm gonna make, really, really, really, gonna get that red cross and be a Pigma Sti finally and maybe get some sleep......

A couple of hours ago my big brother came in and gave me a head-ache capsule. I took it. The guy with the ring in his nose left and these big blue-birds marched in, smoking cigars and chanting "Nevermore Nevermore Nevermore." Then Santa Claus came in, threw pop-corn on the birds and they changed into baboons and ran into the closet and locked the door. Santa laughed and jumped out the window.

Now, I still hear them in there, grunting and whispering. I'd like to go to class but its snowing and my coat is in the closet. And I don't want them monkeys to get out they'll eat me they'll eat me . . . . . .

Bye, McArthur

## BOACH WOOD ON S

Pictures help so much when reminiscing on the sun and fun of Beach weekend in mid-April. From that moment in February when the 54 brothers of Pigma Sti voted nearly unanimously to make Ernie Shore Field the site of their sun-celebration for this year, I sensed the memories would be both rewarding and unique. With the prospects of three weekend games featuring Beattie's Blunders and the finest in ACC competition, a live band for the entire 36 hours, and 26 kegs with catering service from Simos Restaurante, what more could a loyal fraternity man with date ask for his \$600 a year dues?

It was decided that the presence of water was irrelevant for this year's trip much as it has been in other years when our caravan shunned the shores of Hilton Head, Myrtle Beach and Nags Head for the comfort of draft beer, lawn chairs, and the heat of the searing rays (as well as the heat of their searing dates).

As always, the drinking started back at the house in the wee hours of Friday morning, resulting in an absence of almost half of the brothers at the stadium when Beach weekend officially got under way at 6 p.m. As the tardy half of the brotherhood struggled in, the rest of the brothers were nowhere to be found, having retired in numbers to the security of the mattresses in the dugouts and the Press Box and the taste of what Beach weekend is really all about.

Saturday's festivities began at 6 a.m. sharp with the weekend's entertainment, 'Wanda Hickey and the Golden Memories' arousing the brotherhood and

companions with a stirring rendition of the Star Spangled Banner as arranged by Jose Feliciano and Kool and the Gang. The kegs were tapped and as the morning sun began to beat down with increasing warmth, the Deacon baseball nine took to the field for the opening of two games with Salem Academy. (They lost the first 11-0 on a two hitter by Amy Fielding). The three hour break between games offered time for the annual 'skimpiest' bikini contest which this year for the first time was held on artificial turf. By this time, eleven kegs had been polished off and there was a 33-way tie for first place.

As the mercury pushed the 90 degree mark and the Deacons fell behind 8-1 after four in the second game, many brothers could be found hopping into their cars for a short road trip to Whitaker Park. After a refreshing dip in the reflecting pool during which the brothers played water polo and their dates got off on the sprinklers, it was back to Ernie for sunburn medication and more 'Hickey and Memories'. Many brothers and dates were seen going to bed early to assure them plenty of rest for the ride back to campus the following day.

This was not evidenced on Sunday when some brothers failed to appear even in time for the seventh inning stretch of the Deacon's rout of Atkins High

and the singing of 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game.' Most of the brotherhood sacrificed Sunday's abundant rays with an early trip back to campus for rubdowns of red shoulders with Vaseline intensive care during the Startrek portion of Bob Gordon

Theater.

HE BROTHERS LOOK ON WHILE CHESTER TRIES TO GET TO SECOND BASE WITH DATE









PIGMA STI CELEBRATES BLACK AWARENESS WEEK





## An Experience in Integration

Ten minutes before opening convocation was beheduled to begin, she arrived late. I hadn't known that he was Black until the moment she tumbled into the was Black until the moment she tumbled into the mom, preceded by a spindly Black Ichabod who attered, swinging a bright purple suitcase and a gawdy suffed bear onto the unmade bed opposite me. She had apparently been unaware of my color as well, for as they kept coming in—two, three, five—all into that slilling corner room, smelling from their journey and distening like so many pieces of living onyx, their faces wam in astonishment.

They were travel worn; a flat tire had caused their day, and I couldn't help feeling that my presence only their drained their composure. Diane rushed away to



in at the resident's desk, and as I sat before them showered, perspiration trickled tauntingly down back and gleamed in the part of my hair.

Determined not to portray any sign of distress at my prise integration, I initiated a running conversation heach of the quiet guests in turn; Ichabod, it seems, is Diane's boyfriend Frank, Danny was Frank's friend driver of the troublesome white Electra. The two less were her mother and her aunt, and as far as I are a carry the discussion of identity I did, instakingly ignoring Danny who was telling me with eyes that I had nice legs.

was grateful to be able to suggest that all of them pany me to the convocation that was soon to

begin. Everyone declined except Frank, so along with Diane I was escorted on my first visit to Wait Chapel by a Black man. The vaguely curious glances that I noticed, flashing in waves of the sweltering August heat as we strode quickly across the Quad, were but my first taste of a sometimes bitter often sweet tinge of uniqueness—an individuality stretching beyond "well-bred" whiteness and into a far reaching field of human experience.

The personality glowing forth from her tiny black stature and flashing warm smile quickly melted any possible qualms that others were to often question me about. "What's she like? Does she keep herself clean? How does she feel about living with a white girl? Does she shower regularly?" The crude but innocent inquiries I met with comfortably easy laughter and the reassuring truth; but other inevitable queries were less innocent, and, accordingly, I soon learned to deal with them as well.

The Black student organization on campus approached Diane with vigorous interrogation—the extent of my foulness towards her dignity was to be fully documented in order for her immediate room transfer, they told her. Also, would she be interested in becoming a sister member in their fellowship group? I had already learned enough about my new roommate to know of her awareness of petty shallowness in men of all colors, and smiled completely and defiantly as I overheard Diane thanking her visitors for their concern, asking them politely to try someone else.

She took a late shower on the night of our first twelve o'clock hall meeting, and I sensed the perfect opportunity to clear the boards of inquiry once and for all. As Diane came from the bathroom, I stood up and approached her at the far end of the hall and pointed out to everyone that not only had she used a washcloth but, please, take notice that she carried with her a can of deodorant and a bar of soap. Diane, stunned at first, screamed gleefully as she threw her wadded wet washcloth at me. I in turn tackled her and we wrestled like sisters in the hallway to the hysterically pleased laughter of everyone present. My point was well taken.

Not one of the seventeen girls living on Bostwick Dorm's basement B-side has gone without benefit for having shared home with a Black girl. To me the discoveries of her depth were most special . . . the logic and values in her head enlightened me, and I have spent many sleepless nights in wonder of the simple humaneness two people have learned in so short a time. Not disconnected from my sleepless predicament is the fact that out of Diane Sutton's 5'3" fragility howls the deepest most disturbing snores I have heard in all my days—and nights. Yes, they do that too.

Lora Smeltzly

The Capuchin Catacombs

Dusty dead up on the walls.
I can (or I can't?) picture myself there
In a hundred years, some tourist
focusing his Nikon
on me.
I walk through their halls quietly
The noise of their silence pressing inI breathe lightly.
All around me, bones
wearing dusty swallowtailed coats
tattered long dresses
yellowed lace
as if dressed for some costume ball.

I stop at a small open coffina daguerrotype shows a baby in a long christening gown. Inside the box, a tiny white skull in a blue satin bonnet looks out at me.

I walk on to stand before the prized attraction of the Catacombs: a dark-skinned girl child encased in glass for fifty years her face, the face of a child caught in that moment before it cries her dark curls softly crossing her forehead an oversized bow in her hair the tiny gold rings in her ears still shiny.

I grasp the railing and look around to see if they have felt my urge to smash the case to see fifty years past in her face to see her body softly collapse like a column of ashes to release her from the moment in which she is caught.

They put her picture on postcards and will not let her die.

..... outside, in white sunlight, the monk proprietor asks me if the child is not beautiful, indeed.



Jan A. Doub

in Seattle, 1st Avenue stands alone: it runs almost the length of the city, by the docks, the ferries to Vashon Island; the land of panhandle and old dungarees and Marilyn Chambers, where God-freaks wait on corners, by the Army-Navy store and

porno-shops. asking if you've been born again while they listen for the sound of coins when you walk. At Pike Street Market, heads of lettuce, mounds of turnips and fruit are bickered over -

by the wobbly wodden steps down to the Goodwill store and the cheap jewelry booths -

while the fisherman's wives hold burnt-red crabs overhead and demand you buy their fish.

And they say Underground Arts is a gay hangout, but on Saturdays i'd lose hours there in piles of old comic books.

reading Spiderman and the Shadow and i never felt queer once.

One afternoon while going home, i passed an old woman standing at a buss stop, legs spread, her wrinkles tucked under a torn black scarf; from a dusty moss-green coat

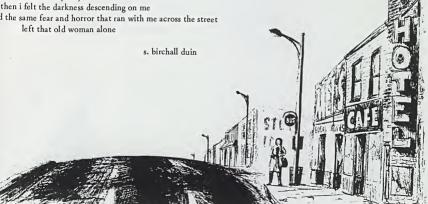
she stared away, past the street traffic and the night rushing in, while below her, a stream of ugly steaming water wound toward

the gutter. my head whirled away, eyes cringed

and my hands shook inside my coat and i stood on 1st Avenue

not wanting to believe i could walk by: when out of a bar, a block ahead, three blacks stumbled and turned my way;

and the same fear and horror that ran with me across the street left that old woman alone



I wear three rings; two are plain.

Then

One band is gold and it holds dents small marks where orange blossoms used to be.

The ring became my mother's in a small ceremony

in a small ceremony in a small town

in Indiana where the Wabash runs, and the mud is rich and black.

My father kissed her many times between this ring and the platinum one

that shines on her brown hands. She got that one after the chili soup nights

When he played pool and read his way through the war and on to the kite-flying days by the lake.



When

Let's start an heirloom," I said to my mother, and so the other ring

I wear sometimes is opal

Changing stone of blues and greens with rosy lights and mystery.

The gold work around the stone is lacy, lazy and I find I trust the holes

more than I can the frame.

Because of that,

I've found this ring in fever-dreams and questions and daggers shining in the dark.

I wear three rings; two are plain.

JKH



Now

My left hand shows a turquoise sliver so thin-you may not see it the first time you look.

The band itself is silver and has been a part of my hand so long that my hand would not

be mine without it

-whose then? I don't know.

That ring came from Tennessee by way of a man Antipas (not Herod)

who married my cousin later and laughs loud

and loud when I take things too much to hed. We stood on the mountain together fighting not to walk across all those clouds:

All that light and mist the gold and honeyrose of it.



## Straight No Chaser

My dear (s),

What would you do if I asked you to everything?

To the show, behind the scenes maybe.

To the park, to grovel in the dirt (for a whild)

Perhaps to bed, to go, (to come).

I think though, marriage is simply

Out of the question. (cars make ruts just
as easily, with less expenditure of energy)

So maybe you might like to come with me?

Would it be too much to ask It to be everything at the same time?

We could play it cool (you know)
The old "if . . . . then" routine, hit or miss, (so what)
If the moon's right we'll make it,
If not, whatever. I never can figure out
When the right time of the month is anyway.
You can always play it by ear. (auditory eroticism)

To be electrons in the same orbit, In the same plane, following the same path Around each other.

Or maybe entirely different particles Whose movements, around the sphere Intersect only at finer moments, When not only moons
But stars too are proper tenants In their houses . . .



So what'll it be, what'll it be What shall I assume? (so boring without presumptions and assumptions, there'd be nothing to get out of round about)

I promise (if you insist)
The devil won't greet you in the morning.
Heaven's doors may creak a little in your dreams,
(excellent rationale if you bite off more than you can chew)
But a little time will oil them too.

They say we're all players

But people won't take the stage
Won't even dress out for the game.
"A chronic bone-spur in the heel"
Puts you out, not for a few games,
For the rest of the seasons.

"Come on now", I chide you "let us learn to play With a little pain."

Grace under pressure (you know) my dear (s). I'm not speaking just to you, or you or even you But to you all

Come man, "relax and hit for the lines"
(we can't play if you haven't brought any balls)
Take the plunge and sink
Your teeth right into the meat.

So what if you get a mouthful of gristle (starving people Would give anything for that for we are them)
The next bite could be the filet mignon."



Sam Martin



# Not on the Windows, Boys

by Brian Eckert

"C' mon down to my house after dinner," Jeff said to me as I got off the school bus. "We gotta get things set for tomorrow night."

I paused on the steps and looked back at my best friend, and was greeted by the diabolical grins of him, Gordon, Porter and David. They composed the other eighty per cent of the town's male fifth grade population, and together we formed the Easton, New Jersey, chapter of the Four "F" club.

"Yeah!" I answered understandingly, a wicked smile taking over my face. I realized that tomorrow night was the night before Halloween — Mischief Night.

Something happens to good little children in rural southern New Jersey during the waning days of autumn. The thirtieth of October is known there as Mischief Night, an evening of pranks and revenge for young people all across the countryside. As if



demonically possessed, school kids venture forth then to wreak havoc on their neighbors, sanctioned only by tradition.

We were no exception to the possession despite <sup>our</sup> righteous upbringing, and we gathered together <sup>cach</sup> Mischief Night to do the devil's work upon the kid-hating elements of Easton.

With pulsing anticipation of the coming evening's strategy session at Jeff's, I rushed through my chores of feeding the calves and heifers on my father's farm, incinerating the trash and cleaning up my room.

"Do you care if I go down Jeff's after supper?" I sked my mother casually, as she prepared our huge daily dinner. My mother can be a hard person to fool. She is especially perceptive when it comes to sensing deviltry in my actions.

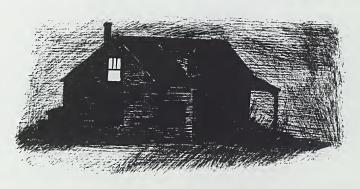
"What are you going to Cains' for, to make plans for 'mischiefing' tomorrow night?" she asked. I couldn't help wincing as the arrow pierced my angelic atmor. "You know I don't like you kids causing touble around here. And besides, those Cain boys are

buggers." "Buggers" was her favorite word for the rowdy and somewhat morally empty children that terrorized teachers and principals and whose main ambition in life was to tear down a Chevy engine.

"Don't you remember how angry your father got last year?" she continued, knowing, in that fantastic yet terribly accurate intuition mothers have about their children, that she'd found me out.

"Aw, we weren't doing anything really bad," I protested, mixed feelings of shame and indignation welling up in my throat. The year before the Four "F" had struck out by tossing pears and rotten tomatoes at passing cars. They'd have never known about it if I hadn't been forced to take along Lance Blackburn that night. Lance was the sissy son of some visiting friends of my folks. Upon returning that night, he immediately told the grown-ups what fun we'd had beaning buses, autos and even a State Police car.

Whatever penitence I felt evaporated when she gave me permission to go. I rushed through supper,



took out the garbage and lit out toward Jeff's. As I walked down Bulls Head Road, I couldn't help gloating over the perfect geographical setup that Easton gave us for Mischief Night. My dad's farm ran along the road for more than half a mile on one side, its dark, wide fields offering instant sanctuary should trouble arise. On the other side, an old, neglected peach orchard, overgrown with honeysuckle and briars ran between the widely spaced homes, providing secluded and secure bases for our "operations."

Behind the peach orchard lay more fields, spotted with wooded patches, which, if one knew them well, connected Fostertown Road with my front lawn. I have used that unknown and shielded trail many times to escape irate neighbors and our somewhat obtuse local police.

As I approached Cains' house, David's howls echoed through the night. Instinctively I knew that he had been creamed with a rotten apple from Cains' tree in an after-dinner game of army. The youngest, David wailed at most anything and often now without good cause.

## "BAAAAANNNZAAAEEEEE!"

"Dow-dow-dow-dow-dow-dow-dow!"

Jeff and Porter ambushed me from the pine trees
at the end of the driveway.

"Thudd." A rotten apple splattered into my shoulder, its smelliness oozing down my sleeve.

"Hot damn, Sam," I groaned, using an all-purpose curse learned at Haines Port School. Porter squealed with laughter and Jeff guffawed at my demise.

"Ho, scream my man down!" Jeff yelled, shaking his fingers at me in what any non-Hainesportian might think the casting of a hex.

"It's about damn time you got here," Porter scolded. "Let's get in and start workin'!"

We started up the driveway and were shortly joined by Gordon and David. David was in tears, his face smudged by a well-aimed dirt bomb. Gordon, realizing he was near Mrs. Cain's protective wrath, attempted to pacify him.

"Ssssnnnargghhh. YOU SUCK," David sniffled.

"Look, I'll let you ride my bike all next week for nothin!" Gordon offered.

"I'm gonna tell Mommy," David threatened, thrusting his tongue out at no one in particular.

"You do and you go out by yourself tomorrow night," Gordon replied, knowing that David was afraid of the dark and couldn't mischief except with the older kids. The tears disappeared magically as we went in the side door. Mr. and Mrs. Cane sat passively watching Mers Griffin in the other end of their large colonial house Little did they know that in the back room the Four "F" was strategizing its yearly assault.

We sat down on the floor, ripe with fiendish cravings.

"Who's it gonna be this year?" Jeff asked.

"How about Corns?" Porter proposed.

Mr. Corn was the township building inspector and perhaps the grouchiest person we knew. Besides, he had given our parents some kind of trouble about room additions the previous summer and we felt like we might honorably strike back for them.

"Naw," Gordon said. "He's got that big mean collie he let's run loose. That thing would kill us if we even got close to Corns."

"I know. Let's get Leuthy's," David said. "They got some real big punkins out on the porch and we could break 'em in the road!"

"Besides," I chimed in, "David Leuthy is a real pringle." The oldest Leuthy boy was a safety patrol member assigned to our bus, and he sought to rule it like Hitler ruled the Third Reich. By forcing us to fill in seats from the front as we got on the bus, and by not allowing to talk to anyone but those we sat with Leuthy had aroused our undying hatred.

"Yeah, but what about the church?" Gordon asked. We all quieted down, realizing that Leuthy's lay next door to the fundamentalist church in Easton None of us belonged there, but we treated it with respect and considered it bad medicine to do anything within sight of that place.

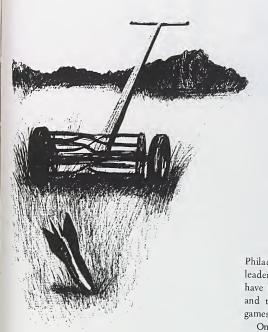
Our two prime targets discarded, we fell silent and dismal at the thought of no place to attack on our favorite night.

"ROCCO!" Jeff shouted suddenly.

Slowly, we looked at each other in exultant assent Rocco was Rocco Fanelli, a middle-aged half-French, half-Italian immigrant who through some strange misfortune had settled in Easton.

He stood about five feet, six inches talk overweight with a puffy red face. His squinty eyes were almost concealed by fat that rolled up beneath them. The weird facial expressions and foreign accents he used caused us to detest him from farthest memory.

Our parents disliked Mr. Fanelli for his constant complaints that our dogs, which ran free around the farms, were endlessly attempting to mate with his little fox terrier, Fifi. The grown-ups' displeasure with Rocco, plus his slander against our prize pets, made him an even more attractive target for Mischief Night



Philadelphia, and occasionally he brought home leaden models of rockets and missiles that were to have been discarded. He knew we loved playing army, and those missiles were often the prize in our war games.

One day Jeff and I, wanting to see missiles with warheads landed, were tossing one of the lead models as high as we could in the field across from Fanellis'. Attempting to break my world record throw of two minutes before, Jeff accidentally hurled the little rocket onto Fanellis' lawn. The ground was wet from an early morning thunderstorm, and the thing apparently sank into the mud. It wasn't found until many days later.

Rocco had been out mowing the grass while we were playing baseball across the road, when suddenly he stopped the mower and ran into the house. We thought little of his actions, realizing that Rocco was capable of anything unusual, until three U.S. Army trucks came screaming down Fostertown Road about twenty minutes later.

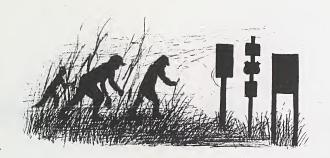
A siren wailing, the trucks pulled into Fanellis', and Rocco ran out to greet them. Waving frantically, he pointed in the direction of the mower. Naturally, we ran over to see what was going on. As we got to the edge of his lawn, two soldiers in full battle gear were picking up Jeff's toy missile from in front of the machine. They ran over to the middle truck, which

Mrs. Fanelli spoke broken English, and so we histrusted her. She wasn't one of "us," and thus, we reasoned, she was probably a Communist. They tught us many things about Communists and nuclear irraids at Haines Port School.

The Fanelli's had a daughter, Anne, pudgy, ways dressed in strangely colored and designed tesses. Roundly disliked for her affected annerisms, she couldn't be anything but weird with the like hers. They eventually sent Anne to private chool to get her away from our bad influence.

Their un-Americanism was not our biggest reason wanting to hit Fanellis' that autumn. Rocco had early sent us to reform school the spring before.

Jeff's father worked at Frankford Arsenal in



carried what looked like a short smokestack on its back, and threw the toy in.

Rocco and the Army thought they'd found a bomb in the front lawn!

Howling, we ran back to Cains' house; but on the way, we realized that somehow we'd become involved with the U.S. Army bomb squad. No matter what the circumstances, the Army called all the way down from Fort Dix on our account meant trouble. With visions of reform school, we split up for the day and were especially good boys.

A two paragraph story in the next day's Burlington County Courier said that Rocco Fanelli had found an unidentified shell in his front lawn, which was removed by the Army Explosives Unit from Fort Dix. Officials theorized the shell might have fallen out of a plane approaching nearby McGuire Air Force Base.

Afraid of consequences, we stayed away from Fanellis' area for many months. But now the time had come to avenge our fright and humiliation. Rocco would be the target Mischief Night.

We quickly agreed to meet together in the peach orchard, fully armed, at seven o'clock the next night. We smiled benignly when Mrs. Cain brought us milk and cookies. Then Jeff, Gordon and I ran through our repertoire of pranks, while Porter and David drew attack and escape maps of the Fostertown Road battlefront.

The next day was cloudy and cool, but no rain fell. My mind focused on the campaign to come, and I sat oblivious to occurrences that at any other time would have been magnificent: Sarah Simon sat on a thumb tack, Albert Lore beat up Billy Lovenduski, Jon Sykes spilled milk on Mr. Dinkler, our teacher. But I hardly thought of them as I meditated on the raw ecstasy the Four "F" would have hitting Fanellis'.

We hardly spoke to each other riding home on the Easton bus, fearing that we might reveal our plans the other kids. The secrecy and dedication of of mission concentrated the joy bottled up inside us. We merely exchanged devious grins as I got off the business of the bus

I fairly ran up the long lane to our fard determined to finish my work early so that I mig spend more time getting my battle gear together. Out to the barn, over to the incinerator and up to moom, I scurried to get finished. My father told me would be late for dinner because one of the milking machines broke down.

I stole up to the bathroom, and locked the dobehind me. More quietly than the Man from U.N.C.L.E., I opened the closet door to an arsenal of Mischief Night weapons. Gleefully, I tore the wrapper from a new bar of Zest Deodorant Soap and stuck in my pocket. Near the back lay an old crumpled tube of Pepsodent that my sister and I had neglected to use up. Neither of us liked to squeeze the top of the tube. To one side was a glowing role of blue Waldorf bathroom tissue. Ha!

"Old Rocco'll wake up to a neat sight tomorrow."
I thought happily.

I tried cramming the toilet paper into my cost pocket but it just wouldn't fit. It would be difficult to sneak out with it any other way, but feeling invincible I knew I'd get it out somehow.

Dinner dragged long, and, finishing before everyone else, I had to sit at the table listening to my sister talk about her new boyfriend, Karl Kleinknicht I must have been fidgeting unconsciously, because my father looked at me suspiciously.

"Where are you going after dinner, son?"

"Uh, down to Jeff's. We're gonna work on some spelling," I lied transparently.

He nodded thoughtfully, and I thought I saw of side of his mouth curl up into a brief smile.

"Don't stay out too late. You know it's a school night," he warned me gently. "Go ahead now. I was late for dinner and I don't want to keep you from something you want to do."

"Thanks, Dad!" I bolted from the table and ran upstairs. I grabbed my coat — but remembered the toilet paper. I could think of no way to hide it, save sticking it up under my shirt. I did so, realizing that I looked like a pregnant penguin in my winter jacket.

I went down the back stairs and out the side door,

calling a hasty goodbye as I left.

I hustled down the front lawn and across the road into the peach orchard passageway. There I found Jeff, Porter, Gordon and David waiting for me. I ducked the customary rotten apple from Porter.

"Ho! Scream my man down!" laughed Jeff loudly,

Putting the fingers at his brother.

"Shut up you momo," Gordon barked at Jeff. "Hot damn, Sam, where you been, Bri?"

"Had dinner late tonight," I told him, out of  $b_{\mbox{\scriptsize tearh}}$ 

"All right, but don't make us wait again. This is important," he scolded quietly. "Okay, let's synchronize our watches," Gordon ordered in honor of our hero, Sky King. Unfortunately, only he and Porter had watches to synchronize.

"Fanellis", ho-o-o-o," he whispered pointing southward from the woods across a cornfield. We trudged behind Gordon in the maze of pathways through the dead and drooping stalks. The clouds had remained into the night, giving us a deep blue-black cover.

Traffic on Fostertown Road seemed unusually heavy that night, and we had to wait fifteen minutes

before the cars stopped coming. Finally, we ran across onto Fanellis' property and up to the house.

Immediately we whipped out the soap and attacked the windows. In ten minutes, every one on the ground floor was opaque. While Gordon and Jeff attacked Rocco's old Ford station wagon, I took out the tube of Pepsodent and lined the inside of every door handle on the house. Porter and David, meanwhile, were gathering clothes props and burying them in the hedge that surrounded the house.

Running around to the front of the place, I tripped over a long garden hose and fell with a thump. Chagrined, I took the end of it, wound the thing around every shrub and bush in the yard, ran it through a picnic table and a set of wrought-iron chairs, eventually tying it to the top of a young red maple tree.

Almost as if on cue, the group of us met in the front of the yard to decorate the trees. I took our my roll of blue Waldorf and threw it high into the old oak. It unravelled quickly and fell back to the ground, leaving a long blue gossamer streamer blowing softly in the breeze.

Porter gave me his roll of tissue, while he went over to the Ford and filled the hubcaps with gravel. Jeff had taken a small pumpkin and was stuffing it into the mailbox at the end of the driveway. Gordon, bigger and stronger than the rest of us, added his own touch by shoving Ann's bike, which she had carelessly left out, up into the oak tree. David, in a stroke of genius we thought him incapable of, took out a small bottle of Karo dark syrup, poured spots of it on the Ford and stuck fallen maple leaves to it.

In half an hour, we gathered at the roadside. The



moon emerged from behind the clouds, silvery, lighting up the yard. The trees bloomed with long strings of waving toilet tissue; the dim houselights were filtered through thickly soaped windows; the leaves on the Ford rustled in the wind. It was beautiful.

A coming car forced us momentarily into the bushes. When it had passed, Gordon suggested we add one last touch.

"Look at that up there on the porch."

A large round pumpkin gleamed there in the moonlight.

Let's put it up on the chimney," he whispered rapturedly. "Bri, we'll give you a boost up there and then hand the punkin up to you. You stick it on the chimney."

"Yeah!" everyone whispered excitedly. I was honored that I had been selected to perform a trick that would surely go down in the World Book of Mischief Night Records.

Climbing to the roof was surprisingly easy. Gordon, Porter and Jeff held me by the waist.

"One - two - THREE," and they half-threw me up in the air. I grabbed the edge of the carport and pulled myself up onto the roof. From there it would be just a short step up to the rancher's main roof and across to the chimney.

However, while the others handed up the pumpkin, little David had decided to prove his manhood by soaping up the picture window in the living room. With horror, we saw the front porch light flash on, burning our eyes with its sudden brightness.



David stood only five feet from where Rocco himself leaned peering out into the night.

"Not on the windows, boys," Rocco said, apparently seeing no one but David.

Out of nowhere, a rotten apple buried itself in Rocco's shoulder.

"Ho! Scream my man down!"

I saw the four of them run towards the road where a car quickly approached. They crossed on its headlights.

"Yiiii! Fuzz!"

The pack zoomed into the protection of the cornfield, and out of the dangerous lights. The car slowed and stopped in front of Fanellis'. Indeed, it was a patrol car. It turned into Rocco's driveway,

illuminating our handiwork. Terrified, I crouched of the dark side of the roof.

Mr. Fanelli, flashlight in hand, walked out to greet the policeman. They turned on the squad car's searchlight, and aimed it around the fairy land. Upon sighting the Ford, one of the patrolmen snorted, straining to hold back his laughter.

The three of them stood outside and talked for what seemed an eternity. Meanwhile, up on the rooftop I lay, cradling the pumpkin with one arm and clutching the roof peak with my free hand. I was cold, and desperately had to go to the bathroom from laughing so hard while we worked. Looking down, saw I had torn the knee of my jeans clambering across the asbestos shingles.



"That's the trouble with children in this country," heard Rocco say to the police loudly. "They have no respect for other people's property.

They talked several more minutes before the Police apoligized and left. Rocco did not go inside, however. He walked around the yard snatching at toilet paper and mumbling. As he approached the Ford, he cursed loudly.

The stickers on the pumpkin stem tortured my fingers. It had to be getting late. No cars passed by on the road, and few were traveling on the highway, which was visible from Fanellis' rooftop. A heavy hid-autumn frost was settling and my breath felt like it froze as I exhaled it.

Perhaps finally realizing there was little he could do, Rocco went inside and turned off the lights. Relieved, I nevertheless waited five minutes more to hake sure he wouldn't catch me. I slowly pulled hyself up to the peak where I sat a few seconds to test my aching arms. Then precariously straddling the tooftop, I tiptoed across and planted the orange ball on its white brick perch.

Quickly I tiptoed back to the carport. My hands were stiff from the cold, and as I eased my way over the edge of the roof I lost my grip and fell.

The crash, it seemed, could have been heard in New York. Immediately, I got up and ran for the field with all my might. Only when I stopped safely had hurt my ankle.

"Hot damn, Sam," I thought as I looked back at cco's. What glory would be mine on the school bus

in the morning! I hobbled painfully through the wood and orchard, but as I passed Cains' house I grew afraid. It was completely dark.

Thinking it to be really late, I pictured my father and the police waiting for me in the kitchen. I considered hiding out for the night, but I was too cold and my ankle hurt too much.

The farmhouse, too, was dark except for one light in the living room. I stumbled up the back steps and entered the house quietly, sneaking in through the laundry. Slowly entering the kitchen, I glanced up at the clock over the sink. My heart leaped. It was only nine o'clock! I had made it back by bedtime.

Feeling like a returning hero, I marched into the living room to hang up my coat. The light of the television revealed my father snoring peacefully on the couch. Good old Dad. For some unknown reason I felt very close to him then.

I hung up my coat and lay down in front of the TV. Top Cat hit Benjy in the face with a pie. My laughter awakened my father.

"Snnorrgh-gh-gh, huh, huh?" He was silent a few moments. "Don't you think it's about time you went to bed young man?" he asked sleepily.

"I just wanted to see the end of this," I fibbed.

"Must've gotten a lot of spelling done tonight," he said as I started to to upstairs. "Glad you didn't get caught."

Blushing colorfully, I turned to deny everything. He lay there on the couch, smiling at me broadly. I couldn't help smiling back, and heroically limped upstairs to put the demon to bed.

heading to the car for another bottle of Lucky draft my fourth in the afternoon battle against the sun i walked right past her:
in a suit of purple cheesecloth,
beautiful upon a towel depicting the glory

beautiful upon a towel depicting the glory of the Washington Senators; since her back faced the sun.

i could understand the enthusiasm of a packed  ${\rm RFK}$  stadium. At the unconscious jingling of my keys.

she looked up and smiled and i whispered hello (and walked on, mumbling).

the beer couldn't have been colder;
half was rolling down my throat
before i walked down toward the beach . . .
only now, the purple strap no longer interrupted
the flowing tan upon her back.
and i thought of the girls i'd never called,
how often August had come and gone.
i stopped mywalking
and my dreaming,
looked fondly at my Lucky for a moment
and shook my head

goodbye, and slowly,

poured the ice-coldness down upon her. (i guess she didn't understand that there was nothing else i could have done)

though i hardly saw the slap coming,
Rob told me later that he heard it at the other end of the park . . .
but, of course

it came before the reinstatement of the purple cheesecloth: sometimes the syntax of life can make all the difference

s. birchall duin



Three young girls

doing some songs
sung by the girls that sung Motown
performing cute, clumsy, choreography
in aluminum foil dresses
doing it to greatness
They'll shake out their palms
for you to "Stop in the name of love"
Welcome to the light of lime
Joanna Ross and the Sublimes!

Clifford Robinson

We were the stuff families are made of – a mother a father a sister a brother and me

we lived in perfect harmony,

or so it seemed,
And the nights that smelled like lemonade
when my father mowed the grass
And we could play under the street light ti

lemonade,

And we could play under the street light till after dark, Made me sure.



I carried the world in my bookbag:
a newsprint pad,
101 assorted Crayola Crayons,
and a Big Eagle eraser.
The wonder of it
Was Ants made whole cities out of dirt,
And live birds came out of eggs,
And Jesus was swallowed
Along with orange juice and crackers
In Sunday School.
Growing up was something everybody did,
And you didn't have to worry,
Cause if the next car that went under the bridge
was blue,
you could be a doctor and cure everybody!

When I was six,

## HARPO'S METAMORPHOSIS

Gut string chords bounce like ripe apples. However, in the snow I carried an auto-harp and played for ballerinas dancing in grey light, entre chats large flakes and purple tights disappeared into the shrubs as I strummed a minor chord . . . .

When April came, the tight-haired girls had to listen to rain on a roof for their music; for the strings rusted while my friends patted shining pavements ....

humid, long
days made my instrument
rot, and it crumpled
while Merrillee and
Agatha swung
slowly on a merry-go-round.
But today I sit at
a shining frame; sunlight tastes like
warm rosin
as I press pedals, yellow leaves
ring and a nude
figure does a
final twirt, cheeks and curled
fingers fly toward my strings

John York



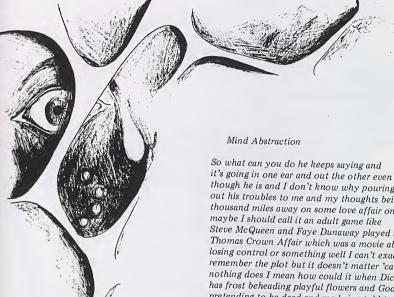
## From a Space-Station of the Martian Patrol

studying in the library, I was sitting about twenty feet from a model of the earth when the room darkened, there was blackness! except for the moon on one hand and the sun on the other, and I was hovering above a cloudy planet, drifting . . . And, after tumbling over endless dreams, I found the globe getting closer, twirling toward me, I breathed again, saw the sun, an orange curve, screamed and flashed: I woke up on a beach under palm trees when a small, dark girl scooped me up with her bucket and took me to her castle.

## Lunacy

the moon was diffused by a sheet, a cloud perhaps, but I do not remember; the fingers of cannabis sativa slid into my nostrils and ears, and I felt a breast. my own, for you were not with me, dear girl, and my dog did a simple, long vodel: cellos, I heard cellos over-amplified (and my sister snoring): in stinging perspiration I surfaced, took your hand and tore a poster! Last night I saw your younger sister, the one whose lips are like yours, and wondered why am I loving no one





though he is and I don't know why pouring out his troubles to me and my thoughts being a thousand miles away on some love affair on maybe I should call it an adult game like Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway played in the Thomas Crown Affair which was a movie about not losing control or something well I can't exactly remember the plot but it doesn't matter 'cause nothing does I mean how could it when Dickinson has frost beheading playful flowers and God pretending to be dead and me being told to hate niggers because of their color on some such thing and not knowing why and not knowing why but isn't he talking louder now or is it just my imagination acting up again and he's going on so about his girl that doesn't love him any more as if he or anyone else knows what that means but that's the way it's always been I mean throwing that word around like them old pro politicians do with nickel cee-gars during re-election campaigns and where am I going or where have I been my head now swimming with Polaroid snapshots of crucifixions and ice-crackling Coca-colas and trips to California in handdriving locomotives and look there's Tinkerbell dancing and lightly laughing and all the time I used to think it was from the joy of life when really it was at the absurdity that can't be stopped on held back.

Jeff Sivon



There was a leaf on that tree named Horace the maple leaf

branch

shaped

this

on Who was born like Where I sat.

and talked with the branch

Until Horace.

He let me see him grow one time

and I knew he meant it

So that's how I started knowing what happens outside at night

how they have parties where everybody drinks

hot sap and foaming rain

how all the leaves grow out loud, singing purple harmonies with

crickets frogs roses grass and even worms

but not Snakes

and how the wind says whoosh in maybe a zillion languages at once to Horace and the others

so they shiver or sway or flap depending on the pitch of the whoosh

Kind of like Chinese is.

Everyday even Sundays Horace kept growing

and knowing more things

and didn't seem to mind the hole somebody chewed in him

because it was a wind party anyway

But soon he got older than me

or my father

and more bent over and yellow even than my grandfather





so I knew it was something bad when he started to rattle

But he kept telling better stories, like ghost stories (but worse) about the red moon

that made all the crickets and worms scream and disappear

and the monster winds stomping through leaving frostprints

So I didn't worry

even when he said somebody stole the sap and rain

for their parties.

I was there when it happened

when he was in the middle of showing me how the raving giants blew the whole world crazy

even me asleep even the stars

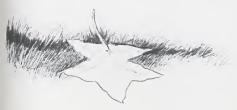
When I saw him let go

I did too almost.

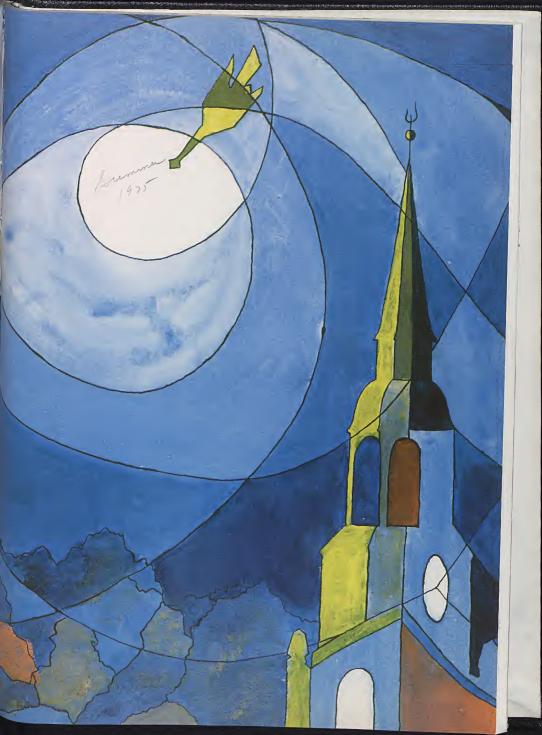
So

Now Horace is like the guppy that drowned and the bluejay that flew into the window and the Snake my grandfather hit on the head and my grandfather.







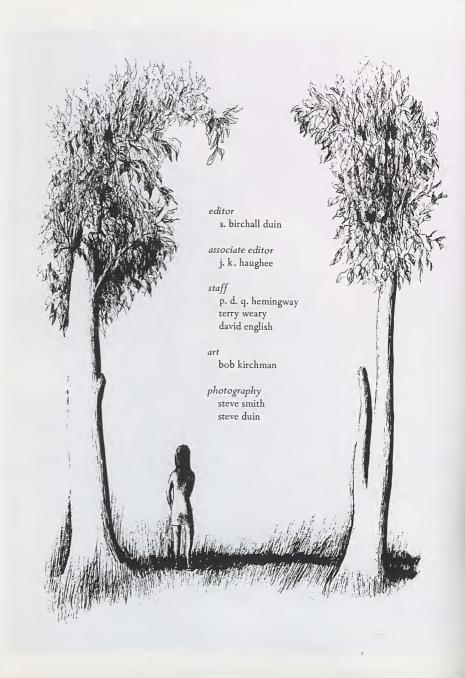


## **The Student**Summer 1975

## Good To The Last Drop

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Once it got so bad she took to holding up the Bible letting it fall open where it would Somehow believing in magic ... that if she stumbled upon the right formula God would talk to her. And she carried a card with the 23rd Psalm in Italian and one with a Spanish prayer to Our Lord of Buga because it seemed to her that religion was more powerful and authentic in another language (which was what it was to her, anyway). And she asked Why won't God speak to me Oh but are you listening are you truly listening those who were sure (and somewhat smug) would reply But she hated the thought that God was testing her

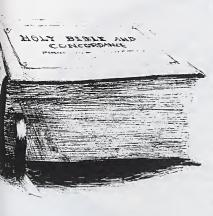


(yes, she spoke to him, wanting to believe in his possibility) how disappointed she would be if it turned out that he acted like

People.

And she Sunday

just waiting to get revenge for her lack of faith And so in private she told him



And she sat through eleven o'clock Sunday school wondering why at a certain point in history burning bushes stopped talking and men no longer sat up, blinking, from 4 day death beds and what it was that Moses had that she didn't And she trembled in dark theatres over DeMille's Biblical epics wondering why they never showed her the face of Jesus And she read Bonhoeffer and Boyd and Guideposts and Graham but somehow they never completed the picture (a picture, yes, that would be good) And she rebelled when she read of an author who wrote I have seen God and he does not exist For she thought that seeing had to be believing or even hearing or touching would do and so she waited waiting to grow dizzy with fervor waiting for the candles to blur before her eyes waiting for the voice at her ear, the hand on her shoulder waiting for her vision waiting to be the second Bernadette.

My God, Archie, this is Number Seven! I had scarcely reached puberty at Number One. How hard it is! Cut. Clip. Insert. Connect. Craftsman, you must be Trained for surgery. Do you Accept small fees? Listen to my Poem, please. (Catch the two-stroke Beat.)

Craftsman
What I like in
Wood and stone,
There's no thin skin;
Nor are they prone
To verbalize
Or tyrannize
In any wise
When to my will
I bend them.

But what I rue
In womankind,
There's no true view;
Nor do I find
The easy tear,
The stricken stare
Less hard to bear
When from my heart
I send them.

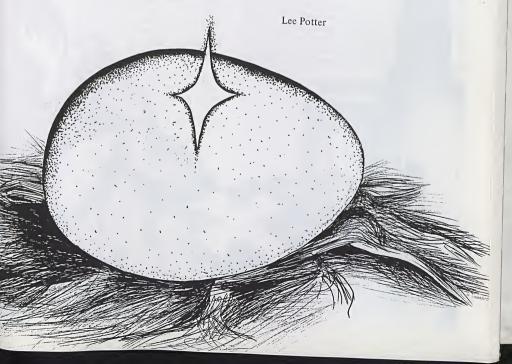
The first stanza, Archie, I once thought passable; It's only the next that's bothered me. You'll see in a flash the trouble's simply That incoherence must pull up its socks. (Oh it's tough stuffing goosedown in a coin purse.) Or maybe it's just I don't know well How to handle things I don't believe. (I don't believe in bending things Or breaking them even. I just do it.) Maybe like the poem the Poet needs revision—A little sinew here, a little warmth, some heart, Mind, some know-how. (Insert. Connect.)

Maybe by the eighth or ninth I'll make it. One thing keeps me going's the notion That back in a corner of my shady garden Like a silver egg in tall grass Is the right word, the end of the road, The answer not exactly hiding just nestling Low as if it knew that not being found Would shelter its dreamy incandescence.

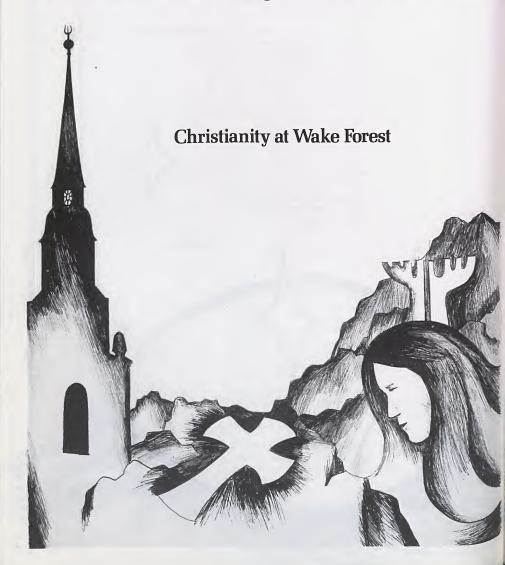


Maybe someday after earnest surgery— No more cosmetic work: down to Bone maybe deeper—I'll get that second Stanza, hit it right on the head, Clobber its preciocity. Maybe you'd say "Throw out that stan-Za boy; you ever succeed you're finished." Maybe not. You've succeeded And you're not finished.

There's certainly a problem, Archie. There's certainly An egg, too, though sometimes I think The goose that laid it won't have his down Stuffed in my purse. We all have eggs I guess, some I'm afraid like those tiny Capsules laid in the skin of the female Implanted to frustrate conception, a sort of Timed release affair to keep life from Happening. O Boy Archie I sure won't use my egg that way If I can beat the power mower to it There, in the tall grass, in the garden. I'll Implant it you can bet your life but deeper than Skin! I'll point the old nose skyward Open everything up and swallow it Raw. I might not even wait to Crack the shell.



## A Dome of Many-coloured Glass



Somewhere between Bob Jones University, the biblical wasteland of the South, and Chapel Hill, where most students have heard of Christ but have forgotten his first name, lies Wake Forest. Somewhere on the spectrum between Bible schools and secular institutions, Wake Forest exists, in a haze where there is no demand for definition of its relationship with Christianity. The subject is not foremost in everyone's mind; it doesn't share equal billing at faculty parties with tenure and intervisitation. Seeking a definition of Christianity's place at Wake Forest is almost as difficult as seeking Christ.

In approaching this question, the distinction must first be made between Christianity and "the Baptists." The Southern Baptist Convention has traditionally been a convenient scapegoat for every tirade against Wake Forest's conservatism. The screams continually ring through sexually segregated rooms and out over the quad. Regardless of the degree to which that outcry is justified, this article does not intend to deal with the Baptists. An essential part of Christianity's place at Wake Forest is the heritage of the university, which the Baptist Convention has undoubtedly influenced. Yet only 29% of the class of '78 listed that denomination in their applications for admission, and Wake Forest's connection with the Baptists seems only to be picked up in Sports Illustrated articles about our football team. The influence of the Baptists, as a group, is Obviously diminishing. Can the same be said of Christianity, which ideally is the driving force and basis of the denomination's beliefs?

The university has come a long way since the days of William L. Poteat, who served as president of Wake Forest from 1905-1927. While addressing the Class of 1925, Poteat expressed his views on the presentation of truth in the context of Christian education at Wake Forest:

The college where Christ is King is committed to the discovery and proclamation of the truth in all realms, for He declared Himself the King of the Kingdom of Truth. The Christian college will interpret history and economics and philosophy and science from the Christian point of view, and brings its children through the storm and stress, the chickenpox and measles of the intellectual life, to a large place of peace where their religion will be as secure as it is intelligent. That happy issue is sure to follow if it shows them how to distinguish between religion and proposed explanations of religion, between the religious experience and the effort to account for it in terms of intellect.

his theme of interaction between learning and hristianity at Wake Forest was reiterated by President Thurman D. Kitchin, who served as President from 1930-1950, in 1930:

.... The quest for God's hidden truth has developed man's mind, founded the world's notable institutions, and made the great souls of Christ's Kingdom. Your speaker thinks of Christian Education as the progressive search for truth, in the name of Christ, and for the service of humanity.

In 1975, the dominating principle of Wake Forest may still be in keeping with the remarks of Presidents Poteat and Kitchin, but emphasizing that principle is a thing of the past. Because Wake Forest has the reputation of being affiliated with the church, it could be presumed that the university has heavy obligations in its presentation of Christian doctrine. Yet it is safe to say that no more than 5 percent of all incoming freshmen come to Wake Forest primarily because of its religious tradition. The Bulletin sent to all students entering college in August 1974 states only that the university "was founded as a result of a religious concern for education and missions." It proceeds to class all activities of the church under "Religious Program," which "seeks to demonstrate the cohesion of Christianity with academic excellence." There is no indication that this "Program" is a vital part of the university.

Dr. Robert Brehme of the Physics Department spoke of the change that the university has undergone in the last decade and a half. "In 1959, when I first came here, the college was clearly much more closely committed (at least on the surface) to living up to the educational missionary role envisioned for it by the Baptist State Convention. The outward display of this

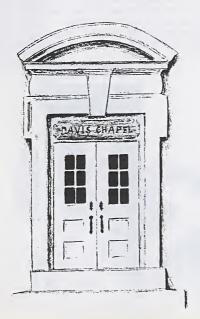


committment appeared in the required weekly chapel programs. Another manifestation was the role of the Wake Forest Baptist Church. Students and faculty were strongly urged to attend; there was even a form of social pressure on faculty members by their peers.

"All that is gone now; almost no effort is made to expose the student to this kind of influence. The closest we come to it is the convocations. I don't think things have changed in regard to maintaining the moral and ethical principles of Christianity, but the missionary zeal has disappeared. We aren't trying to be a Billy Graham form of university."

How can one judge the extent to which Wake Forest is now Christian? Provost Ed Wilson said, "It is tempting for a group of people at any given time to try to speak to what the university is. The university, rightly seen, is an accumulation of ideas and commitments that all kinds of people have contributed to. The university in 1975 is what all the people over the years have thought." Wilson regards the history of the college as one of "organic development. The university is at all times reflecting what it is and will be."

When asked about the visibility of Christianity here, Wilson added, "The visibility is in part in the existence of the institution itself. By history, purpose, and definition, the college is a Christian institution. Every act of the institution is not Christian. Yet there is the visibility of the institution itself which would not be here without Christianity.



"The question is to what extent this is meaningful any longer. What is particularly Christian about Wake Forest now? Part of this has to be seen in the lives and works of people here now. Because Wake Forest is the kind of institution it is, it attracts certain people to work for it. There is a great variety; not everyone is stamped similarly. Yet because the institution is what it is, it draws to it certain individuals If the university draws people consistent with its views, then how Christian we are can be answered in how Christian we are as people."

One can approach the subject of Christianity and Wake Forest through two sets of people: the faculty, particularly through their attitudes toward the merging of education and religion; and the students.

The religion department views the obligation of the college as providing the best education possible; the concern to set this as part of the Christian ministry is there, but it is obviously subordinate. Dr. Fred Horton said, "When we do the job of providing a complete education, we fulfill most of what the church asks of us. I believe we are obligated to put the views and studies which we present in some sort of Christian context. However, I don't believe we should attempt to sway our students' religious opinions."

On the function of the university, Dr. Charles Talbert said, "A school is not a church; anytime it tries to become one, it betrays its integrity. A church is concerned with making Christians and cultivating piety. The church came into being for the practice of religion and remains in being for the same reason. A school comes into being for the purpose of acquiring and passing on knowledge and pointing out some of the social revelance of that knowledge.

"However, a university that does not give a fair hearing to the religious dimension of life has also betrayed its integrity, because it is trying to know the whole of man and society. A university that has a religious heritage has a responsibility not only to guarantee study of religion but also to maintain a respectable and appealing religious presence of campus."

The religion department is wary of having any resemblance to a Sunday school. It seems to operate on the principle of confrontation rather that indoctrination; that is, the confrontation that resulfs from presenting the ideal education in a Christian context. As Mr. Ralph Wood stated, "While our goal is not to indoctrinate anyone into the Christian faith it is to force a student to confront that tradition."

Wood feels that this confrontation is two-sided: confronting secular students with the challange of the Christian faith and confronting Christian students with all that is challenging their faith. In his Theology and Modern Literature course, Wood presents threston and secular authors in conflict. This allow students to raise their objection to Christian doctrine within the framework of the class. Conversely, it also forces Christian students to realize that while authors



ave embraced Christian principles and found aswers, those answers cannot be accepted without trious thought.

Ed Christman, university chaplain, emphasized that a church-related school needs to find ways to state belief that faith and learning should and can bexist without damage to either. It must show the alogue between faith and teaching; that within that alogue there are people of various religious resuasions. Christianity has nothing to fear but uch to gain from such an environment."

The confrontation between Christian and secular sues is not limited to the religion department. The chime said, "The physics department is concerned it is seeking truths that lie in nature, not within the octrines of Christianity. However, I try to show the Try narrow limits to which physical science is infined in explaining nature. I do appeal to God to colain those things outside the realm of the physical dences."

Nor is the confrontation limited to the classroom. Where said, "The religious heritage needs to find pression in the way that the faculty and ministration conduct interpersonal relationships the each other and with the students."

It is safe to say that the faculty has maintained its legrity and kept the presentation of the best sible education as its main goal. In doing so, have been successful in forcing students to debate the trnatives of Christian and secular issues? Has the culty presented an appropriate intellectual

This does not seem to be the case. Most students

would deny that any confrontation concerning value systems has taken place in the classroom. One freshman did admit, "When I came here, I was a strident atheist, but I've mellowed since then as a result of my religion and philosophy classes." But most students either have not been confronted at all or have been confronted by elements outside the classroom.

This is not meant to suggest that the faculty has no influence whatsoever on the degree of Christianity at Wake Forest. There are many professors who are dedicated to helping students better understand their beliefs, in whatever direction they lean, so those students will be in better positions to further investigate their individual philosophies. However, few students take advantage of this.

Perhaps it would be better to approach the subject of Christianity and the university through students rather than faculty. Students opinion toward Christianity ranges from complete disinterest to fervent piety. Involvement and opinion can partially measured by the impact of the corporate church. This would include organizations like the Wake Forest Baptist Church, Campus Ministry, the Baptist Student Union, Fellowship of Christian Athletes, the Sunday night fellowship group, as well as groups that meet together in fellowship on a more informal basis. Forty to sixty people regularly attend the Sunday night fellowship, approximately 25 attend FCA meetings, and close to 200 people are involved in various BSU programs.

These figures would indicate that the branches of the corporate church are not in the mainstream of student expression. Dr. Ralph Wood said, "The kind of corporate body that the faith requires is largely ignored, as much by the Christian students as the secular students." For those who chose not to ignore it, the body represents a need for Christian involvement beyond the classroom. On the other side of the coin, the atheists and agnostics that are at Wake Forest do not seem as evident; obviously, though, their philosophy does not tend toward organization. Dr. Brehme admits to proclaiming himself the "resident orthodox atheist" just so the students "will realize that there really are such things around."

The Campus Ministry, BSU, and BCA provide the most liberal alternatives for a greater experiencing of the body of Christ. Campus Ministry sponsors a pre-school retreat which shapes a freshman's first impressions of the university and reconfronts returning students with appropriate value questions. The six campus ministers are involved in activities ranging from work in Winston-Salem churches, marital and individual counseling, and sponsorship of the attic on the eighth level of the library. They are

Christ." The group provides an outlet for people who are searching beyond the reach of conventional organizations, though they do not want to stand in opposition to such organizations.

Corbett said, "What is hindering the ideal Christian community is the gradual moving of the university away from glorifying Jesus Christ, somehow with the idea that education and faith are opposed." He feels part of the problem is that the faculty is very hesitant in "regarding God, the final answer, as a viable alternative. There is the prevalent attitude that truth comes solely through the rational faculties." Corbett thinks that, because of this attitude, many students "come into this place and leave without being affected or influenced."

The answer isn't to require one religion course, but that does bring about some form of confrontation. "The university has the responsibility to make their resources, available," Corbett said, "though they can not force us to use them. It is the responsibility of the individual believers, not to go out and win people off the streets, but live out the claims of faith, reaching people that would not have otherwise been



very accessible to the student body.

One of the major criticisms of other Christian groups is that they lack "social conscience;" that is not true of BSU, as evidenced in such programs as the Patterson Avenue inner-city project (which has since become the First Baptist Church after-school enrichment program), programs at the goodwill center; Home for the Aging, and money-raising for N.C. summer missions.

People involved in BSU run the gamut of theological positions, from conservatism to liberal; BSU even boasts one Jewish Zionist. The organization includes a wide scope of activities from weekend evangelical teams to a theological discussion group, from apple-picking to retreats, from Bible study to folk groups to a Sunday night dinner-discussion called Manna.

The Sunday night fellowship group meets weekly for singing, prayer, Bible study and intense communion. Mike Corbett, who has been very active in the group for four years, said that the fellowship groups provide "an opportunity for Christians of all persuasions to come together and glorify Jesus

reached. Whatever the university is, it must be surmounted. What is most important is not the institution but the individual believer. For him, there is a much greater need for taking a stand, standing up for Jesus."

The students involved in the fellowship group regard the intensity of their devotion as a necessary article of their faith; if the intensity does not pervade the believer's life, his faith is inadequate, or at least immature. The group is often accused of divorcing itself from the rest of the student body, working harder at maintaining the level of their own faith rather than building up the level of others. However, Christianity operates on the theory of radicalism, when the Christian is not in conflict with society, he is ineffective.

It is the exclusive nature of these students, in meeting together, that disenchants much of the student body. The sight of the cross around, someone's neck as he "Jesus-freaks it across campus is usually enough to turn other students away, without exploring more deeply the force that motivates him. One senior said, "I have a hard time

Swallowing the cross-toters. They don't come out and say it but I have always felt they thought I didn't have what they did. I would like to think that most of the Christianity on campus is the type I have, without wearing a sign or a big hat. I can't swallow that type of religion; if Wake Forest demanded it, I wouldn't be comfrontable here."

The same student added "I never think myself a good Christian but I think the things I try to do have a basis in Christian doctrine. The things that I live by, the Christian ideals which I believe, were not formed

lere at school, but at home."

Wake Forest certainly does not create many Christians; the atmosphere is too low-key. It does not function as an organization that confronts everyone with the most important questions in life; for does it concern itself with groups of people who assume that responsibility. The students are apathetic towards anything that hints of involvement. A reshman said, "The students are entirely apathetic bout going to religious functions. It's not an incharacterstic attitude; it is simply a disdain for ormality. People here don't exercise social distribution.

On the other hand, the university does have an tmosphere that is condusive to the development of eliefs. Part of the reason for this is the balanced Osition the university has between the Christian and cular realms. Provost Wilson said, "Part of the uality of Wake Forest is that the college has been alanced or poised among conflicting points of view bout what Wake Forest ought to be. Wake Forest ould be a ground of less tension if we were a Bible thool - there would be no illusions about our urpose. On the other hand, there would be less hsion if Wake Forest were wholly secular. If that as the case, we wouldn't have to worry about hether there is something such as a Christian lege. Wake Forest has refused to commit itself one ay or the other. Because we have this middle Osition, we allow ourselves intentions that might not ist if we went one way or the other. I would ggest that it is in these intensions and this tension at the university's character is found."

If Wake Forest is apathetic in terms of volvement, it is not in terms of individual miniment. The university facilitates this because it less not believe in the mechanism of 'force-feeding.' ather, it presents the alternatives with fairly equal eight, operating under the assumption that only oper presentation of the alternatives is necessary, asidering that choice is inherent in the Christian of the christian o

Any college forces a student toward introspection; makes him face things that were easier to avoid fing the first eighteen years of his life. There are periods of loneliness that are more intense than ose experienced during college. Responsibility



ranges from struggles with a QPR to thawing out a date. If a student can not handle interpersonal relationships, he begins to sink. It is naive to think that someone can go through the many crises that college presents without sitting down once and awhile and wondering what the hell he is doing it for.

Amid the pressure on the university to be many things, and the pressure on the student from many different directions, the university does not pressure the students toward an acceptance of the Christian beliefs that have made the institution possible. It seems to understand that there are times when a person can be thinking, in the middle of confrontations - when there is no need to jump into one faith or another.

At the same time, it exerts an influence on everyone - an influence that strengthens individual commitments. It is intangible and goes largely unnoticed. In convocations it is described as a "sense of community." Provost Wilson calls it "something that permeates life here without being something you can completely hold," and characterized it by compassion and caring. Mike Corbett feels it is "an all-encompassed and deep Spirit that is in this place, that not everyone is aware of."

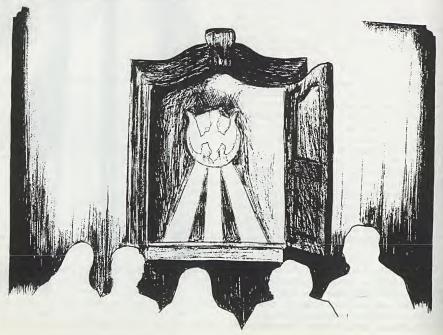
It is all these things and something beyond them. There is a current beneath the lectures in Reynolda lounge and the discussions on the quad's wooden benches, the faculty's march to convocation and one person's morning walk toward Winston Hall, the

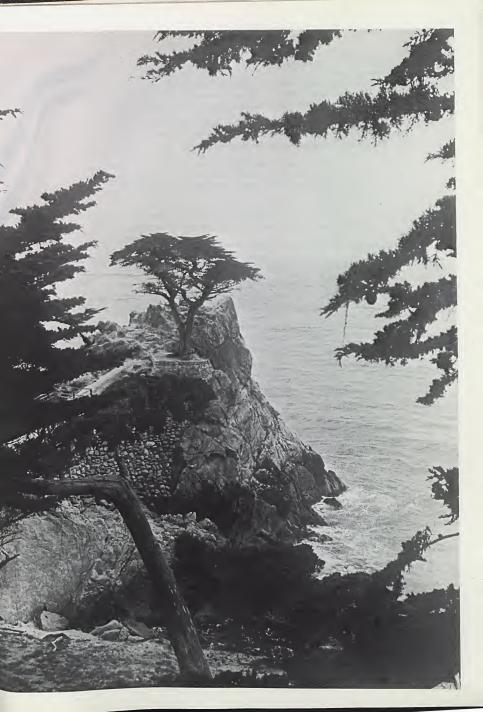
Physics and the Religion departments, that is somehow essentially Christian.

When asked where the university had failed the most in maintaining the ideal relationship with Christianity, one student said, "We've lost sight of the ideals and dreams of the people who founded this place place." Wake Forest has moved away from the continual emphasis upon Christianity that Presidents Poteat and Kitchin viewed as the most important part of the college. Yet those ideals still exist; they continue to bring people to the university who think they are as compatible with modern living as they were fifty years ago.

In some ways, Wake Forest does not handle well the responsibilities of a college that is in principle so closely linked to a religion. And yet, the college opens so many possibilities to everyone associated with it. Because it doesn't place piety above learning it allows education to strengthen faith. It does not obscure any of the directions that are open to the student to discover what in God's name he is supposed to be doing.

In the end, religion must come down to an individual level, and the university can accept neither blame nor credit for what anyone believes. The responsibility has shifted from the institution to the individual. Wake Forest provides the opportunity to better understand what a living Christianity is; it no longer asks anyone to take advantage of that opportunity.





### Pattern

the old man sits facing the wall, arm in arm with his forty year companion the fourwheeler, eyes trace the forgotten pale patterns

of old "Wanted" posters painted around time after time on the slatboard wall of the ancient post office, may be the shape of a good-size john, where

father now works, where he used to work until some "gov'ment rule" made him leave; yea, now it's my old man sitting there behind those rough wooden

slats working the mail eight hours a day and bullshitting with all the lethargic local farmers, just sitting there on his ass like the old man while

i sit on the creaking-at-every-move bench and just sort of wonder what is the difference and what is it those hollow eyes are tracing and think that if

fate has it's way, as it always does, someday it will be my father sitting and tracing those long lost patterns and it will be me licking those stamps, sorting those letters,

telling my own outrageous tales and getting to read all the new Playboys—for nothing.

J. A. Wilson

### SALLY SPRING

doesn't know my name but I'll never forget Sally Spring

one time
time
I heard her sing
gave my hands a sting
of regret
they can't make a guitar ring

her hands aren't like mine mine

are normal

hers are kind
the kind that
play in just the right key
adding perfect two-piece harmony
hot damn what a melody

the sends the sperm of the poem to the egg of the poet

Clifford Robinson

I'll Have My Day I'll lavish myself With love, smiles, And cotton candy dreams. I'll eat happiness Until my belly Pops at the seams.

Enjoying myself To the fullness of content Hey buddy!! Do you know Which way My happy days went?

Horace Crump

## A RECORD

"Stand up H. Broadus Jones So that we may see your face, Your map."

The son pulled, patient, and Irradicable At his elbow.
H. Broadus Jones Walked upward,
The restless eye of A black robed gale.
A dozen hands
Tentatively touched at Him, steady and brown Against grey and white.

Stubborn,
H. Broadus Jones
Moved on
Alone, up the lectern
And turned, both hands
On the pipe,
To the people

odetobeatrix potterfan

the muffin man becomes the muffin man upon donning kleinert's N2E pink shower bonnet

and

Kalso earth sandals

but

he deserves absolutely no glory, laud, or honor, unless he prances about his cellar room:

truly

a

most

exciting occurence

for

most

octoroons

the muffin man

has a latent sophistication, prefers -

Charles of the Ritz

to

Avon

Szechuan Pepper

to

Muntok

Steeleye Span

to

Carpenters

sue ellen farmer



But,
The President stood ready, hovering
Above and over and behind
With the ribbon.
The crowd settled in
Wait.

The medal on,
'H. Broadus Jones
Turned
And said, softly
Over the loud speaker,

"Step down?"

Beth Hammond

## At The Ruined Mill

Although her brother who is older called it a vine and screamed as he swung into the jungle Annabel knows a rope when she sees one and so leaves the high bank clinging close to reality with fists, feet, and knees.

And even if midair is magic
where overalls become oakleaves
and wild yellow hair turns to "tresses of gold"
floating softly

upon landing Annabel feels the familiar red clay of the other bank and creeps along its slippery edge.

Slipping through a green screen of poison oak she finds again the rectangular porch damp sandy rock by the old mill now wrecked.

Sits down and turns to stone.

Annabel of stone: Bewitched by the diamond-shape snake-head rock across the stream: Entranced by his petrified stare of suspicion

fixed on the shallow water

who hears
the brook
clink delicate mallets
on xylophone stones
but knows
the sledgehammer
ballandchain
TNT
waters that slammed the wheel

Leaving

piled the stream full and churned on to the sea

two buried timbers irregular boulders the porch on which Annabel sits in hiatus watching the snake wait:

Annabel watching the snake

Evelyn West



## Coming Home

Paco and I walked into the cabin sat on his bed and smoked his stogies.

- Did you make it? -

he asked;

I puffed and replied

- my emotions are travelling incognito -
- Funny thing he said,
- I never noticed,

- In the two too,
- but I am too,
- except my emotions. He told me his story
and played with his worry beads,
the bullet hole
I had taken for acne.

So we drank and played with the girls on board and told funny stories and played the piano till dawn lit over Algiers
Then they wet the decks and the bars reopened and we drank our breakfast.

### Summertime

We had to chop up
The three plum trees out back
This winter.
Children sho gonna miss'm
When Spring comes around . . .
But cha know —
When that cold wind
Starts to bitin' ya rump,
You have a way
Of forgitting
Those pretty blossums
And Plums
Of Summer.

horace crump

## Mexico City

The rain shags down the mountains every afternoon; the Aztec temples molder, a decaying paste lashed to stonework.

In Sullivan Park artists open their stands, but always beat the rain to shelter.

I climbed the Temple of the Sun and stood to the full sky: the people say gods sent the rains to flush blood from the altar; as the clouds resolved themselves into mist, I saw the grass on the ridge surge into rocky ventricles still beating.

Doug Abrams

Psyche and Circe came into my cabin and danced on my stomach and said - He's the serpent - but I told them to buzz off and suck marrow elsewhere.

The magic of drinking held off the demons but gave his dog the G. I. trots.

We looked at twin towers through fog in the harbor and promised to meet when the rainbow stood over the bay.

And then we would toast the girls of Switzerland and the lot of the constable in New York City.

Sam Petro

#### The Shopping Mall

I am lifting the whole damned thing a foot or so to get my shoulder under it

and place this steel cone right at its center of gravity: notice the ball bearing

at the point, the neat fit in the socket bolted to the base of the pyramid

whose stone tip is molten at the earth's core: I ease out slowly for fear of causing

suspicion: and then give the top a spin, catch hold and climb in the huge centrifuge:

there are halls, spokes of a wheel, no outer rim: at the hub is a column of air

whirling: I approach: wind forces me back: in a split-second I will be picked up

and shot spinning through a spoke and out, but this fact is not the first to hit me:

fact: that nothing else is in the wind's way: a child, for example, is managing

two scoops of chocolate ice-cream, the sugar cone is leaking, the brown drops drop straight down

Michael Roman

#### UNTITLED

When I was fourteen On a nice day In her bright kitchen I caught my mother Beside herself.

She stood there with a Long Distance voice In her hand until I couldn't see her face, All crumpled and torn Into gaping Gaudy pieces
Of helplessness.

She felt for me And held me Until we rocked With long, big jerks.

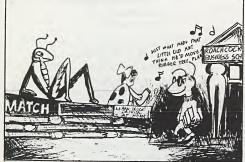
Edith's mother was dead And Edith had forgotten To be my mother.

Beth Hammond

Poem for my 21st Birthday

Today during philosophy I realized I would die, that destroyed my lunch, but by supper I was cool; something wedges a streetlight between my eyes, I look at an optic nerve dancing jive, the right eye sways in the socket: dreams of stairs built to follow stairs down—"an over wanderlust," says the eye to my feet, I can't see it myself." I remember the sight of the tree coming close to the broken hammock and my sister's laughter; moved the tree an inch—I've had an affinity for trees, ask the pine in the driveway that bears my distinctive flair; things too well-rooted ask for nudge.









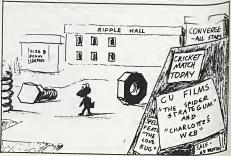
My fine fellow hexaped, life is too short. You may be slaving for an uncertain future.

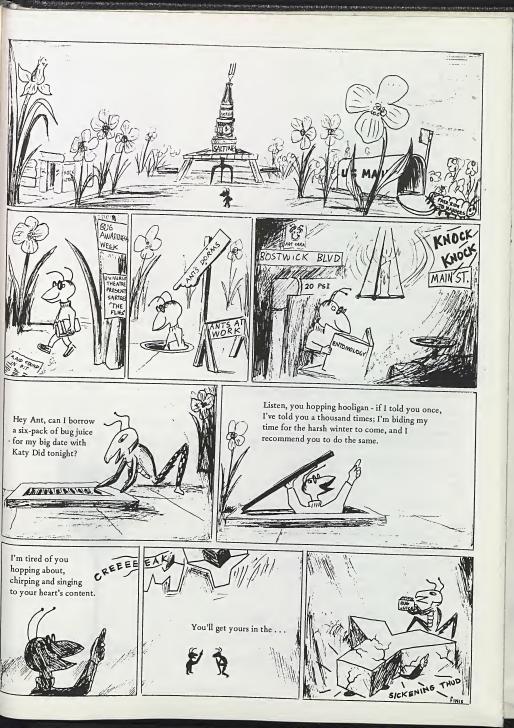
Don't you know we have to work twice as hard to get nowhere because of the economy?











#### Inner Beauty

I told her I'd take her from the toes up and let them that would have her from the skin in.

She replied: you're mean.

Turning the cheek, I didn't ask her what she sees in me.

Rollie Bauer

#### WINE POEM

Ah! But one rose hued drop alone Slips slyly from ringed edge Of raised goblet,

Quivers poised
As beginning mountain goat on alien ledge.
My one move between union and disunion.
I alone control its start and stop; (revered omnipotence)

Shall this liquid ruby remain
Nestled among impotent brown spots
Or begin its fatal descent
To where only damp traces mark its intoxicant bent?

Or I its execution stay
And commit myself to lay
Still
Here till evaporation takes what's due?
O! What to do?

Entangled in the sparce foliage of my chest
The unwilling splash trembles with heaving breast,
Awaits the fateful
Twitch
That will send it down the flesh-lined ditch
From which none return,
To rest in the twisted nook of my navel.

Alas! No choice!
For with voice is dislodged this meager bit of Bacchus' brew.
Doomed to humiliation of undershirt annihilation
This pearl of sweet stimulation
Is wiped from life with one efficient swipe, only
To be remembered as irrigation for that most masculine mat,

#### Gypsy

she keeps her thoughts
secluded in that exclusive tract
of fantasy a forest,
shading and sheltering
haggard minds
that have weathered more
than they recall . . .

her eyes are the back door of a dream, bolted against minnory and clocks that threaten the sublime . . .

with a peculiar
dignity
she scoffs at passing
days, then enters the dream,
where myriads
of animated companions
wait
to entertain...

catapulting
John Gregory



#### Afraid to write a love poem

clifford robinson

#### Black Magic

Rigidly horizontal
did you ever notice how lightning leaps
out of a bathroom mirror
and thunder echoes in bedsprings?
That settles it.
At 7:00 in the morning I'm going
to get up
flap my arms
and fly to Florida.
Nothing is impossible: one night
your sleep-crossed eyes launched
an ordinary Ford

flying from the high side of a Tennessee mountain

Evelyn West

#### Catskill

tensile haunches fibril energy crouched

once ears now juxta at the nape heartbeat breathless stalls

eye blinkless inches longly catapults and gnashes teethclaws

> the target wing-flap and struggle stilled for the warm repast

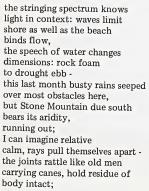
> > John Gregory

#### Night Dreams

Spirited watchers Of Time Peering endlessly Into dark Star-ridden Skies -Skies That lock Both the secret And the imagination Into a maze Of floating Thoughts -Until sleep Imposes her Timeless will.

Horace Crump





П

some forms of light stay centered from birth, legitimate or otherwise, but the long lines move as upon vertical rungs, in time can undermine the whole process; though after the years I wonder if it remembers the source or cause: dying stars flash with more interest, coming hard to conclude, flushed. pooped out, weary as a June bug that flies itself to insanity or death on a string and other stars, swollen like ticks till intestines pour up their jaws, hose a spray of sudden light;

Ш

take conception for instance, hierarchy is inevitable, cells shift alignment, egalitarian genetics (mixing gametes for brain matter) can't resolve the inequality feet down, head up, the symmetry completes itself but if fingernail transfer accepts diversity, pecking order, the point is already made

the space where thought ends and act dominates wobbles on time, the distant makings unravel, junctions strain like cheese cloth, obscuring image at only the greatest clarity

Doug Abrams

Ole Swimming Hole

Coolidge Smith's brother was the first person I can remember talk of vaguely. Then Johnny Burden, he was in my fourth grade class not many people cried everybody said his momma was a whore and shoulda kept the mean little devil home. I didn't know the Stevens boy but my brother, David said he played softball with him sometimes. Don and Neil were next and I still wonder why I never went swimming with them, especially Neil we used to talk about it all summer long. I guess the flashing ambulance lights, the slow moan of motorboats dragging the river's bottom, gaping crowds waiting for bloated ash-gray bodies on hooks or in nets, heroic stories of how friends tried to save those going down for the third time, and the stories of bodies caught in the roots of old cypress trees proved too frightening after looking at the "ole swimming hole" pictured under "Farm Life"

Horace Crump

in the World Book Encyclopedia



# EVENT ZERO

## BY P.D.Q. HEMINAWAY

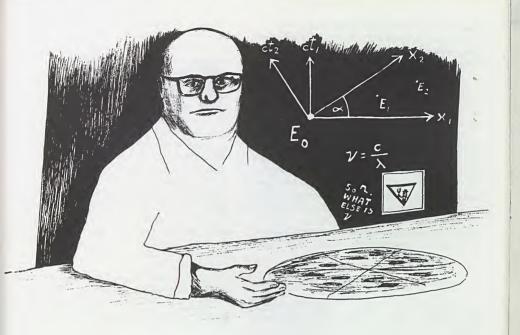
"Of all the possible ways for a man to eat an apple, there must be one way in which the apple is not eaten at all; similarly, there must also be a way in which the apple eats the man." – P.D.Q. Descartes

First movement: fugue; largo

Not having anything else to do, I decided to seek out Dr. McIntosh and ask him about some problems I was having with my research. One does not go to Dr. McIntosh with problems of a practical nature, not only because it would insult him, but mainly because he couldn't solve them. Theoreticians are an odd lot.

I had a problem and a half, and the half of it was finding Dr. McIntosh - a matter compounded by the fact that he had several "offices." The official office was hidden somewhere in one of the science buildings, so that no one could ever find it - of course, that included him; so he usually hung around the recreation room. No one knew who he was - a huge, round man with multiple chins, who could barely bend at the "waist," but who shot an excellent game of pool while muttering to himself about semivectors and vacuum fluctuations and other nonintelligible rubbish. He enjoyed a great deal of privacy here because of the fact that the very people who would want to talk to him, his students, were always too busy to play pinball. He was an overbearing tyrant who I enjoyed working for very much. He was not in the game room, so that left only one place.





To any casual observer, the library was, at most, four stories tall. However, inside, there were eight levels, an anomaly that precluded anyone's ever thinking that there might possibly be another level. There was, and it was Dr. McIntosh's best office. No one but he and I knew it was there — not even the librarian or the theatre People.

Access could be gained only by passing through a space-like singularity — a space warp. This was conveniently accomplished by walking backwards through the magnetic field of one of the book detectors, whereupon one would be "transported." Since this would not go unnoticed if performed at the front desk, we usually used the detector at the side door, where the man is asleep most of the time.

I "popped" into the professor's office, still moving backwards away from his book detector "portal," and turned around just in time to see him hastily conceal a copy of Cliff Notes on *Principia Mathematica*.

"No, but someone's bound to sooner or later. There's

got to be a better way of getting here."
"Oh rubbish, lad. You know better than that. Those
Euclidean geometers would say that this level can't be
where it is, but then I guess they don't consider every
angle." With this last remark, a low rumble started deep

within him and emerged as a guffaw so violent that I was certain it was the end of the man. I took a few steps back, lest he topple over and finish me off, too. When he saw I wasn't laughing, he sobered up and assumed what I guess he thought was a thoughtful pose; really, any way he posed he looked the same, but I knew he was thinking because he was trying to cross his arms — a major feat for him. Finding this next to impossible, he went to the refrigerator, extracted a frozen pizza, stuck it into a microwave oven, then turned to me and lit up at enormous cigar.

"Now, what did you want to see me about?"

"Well, this data that -"

"These data," he corrected.

"Yes, well this data that I got yesterday is giving some very inconsistent results when I use the matrix you gave us."

"I know. It should. That's why I wanted you to do those experiments for me. This confirms my latest theory." He gestured toward a blackboard covered with symbols. "You see, lad, right here is where the — oh, blast!"

Before I could even begin to take it all in, he had erased it. "Here," he shoved some papers into a briefcase and gave it to me, "take these and study them. I'll have to correct that last term." He went over to the oven and took out the pizza. Then he pulled a quart of

beer from the cooler. "Care for some?"

I declined, knowing full well that he would sooner miss seeing "Star Trek" than part with any of his snacks. "When should I come back?"

"Tomorrow. There are some calculations to be done – you'll find them in there somewhere – and make certain that no one learns of this development." I started backing through the "portal" and was preparing for the jolt when a buzzer went off and I stopped.

"It's the briefcase," he said. "It set off that blasted buzzer. I've got to get that detector fixed!" I started through again, and emerged in the library with that detector going off, too. The man had waked up and I grinned and showed him the briefcase. I went back through the other turnstile and into the stacks, to look for a book I needed for a sociology report – A Study of Mean Inter-Floor Times in Library Elevators. This I checked out and went on my way, wondering what Dr. McIntosh's development was.

#### Second movement: Scherzo

The next morning, I must have dragged myself out of bed and then to class - I wasn't awake until the bell rang.

"And so, you will be forced to agree with me: Keats was — and the evidence is overwhelming — Keats was in an unfortunate financial situation. Here we have conclusive proof, a poem, that Keats himself wrote, on what he owed on a Grecian urn."

With that I got up and left, a blasphemous gesture, but I had to catch Marcia between classes. Marcia was about the closest approximation to Connie College that I've ever seen. She was dressed in a Connie College sweater and Connie College skirt and shoes and she held her books like Connie College and even walked and talked like Connie College. But she was not Connie College. She was a mathematician.

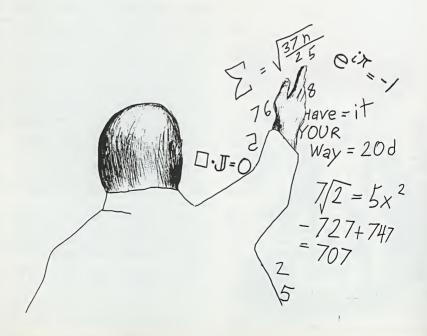
"Hi," she said. "What's up?"

I handed her a thesis folder full of equations. She flipped through it and swore loudly. "Two hundred and fifty six simultaneous equations! You're out of your mind!" She kept flipping through the pages and shaking her head. "I don't mind doing some work for you occasionally, but this is impossible!"

"Not you - the computer."

"I can't. I mean it can't. And even if it could, I wouldn't. This would cost three hundred dollars!"

"Money is no object. How about by tomorrow?" She gave me a Connie College stare that I took to mean confusion and hate.





"It would take years for it to solve these." I maneuvered her out of the way of the flood of people leaving the classroom.

"Not if you use the Batten-de Vithead approximation method."

"Well look, if you know so much about it, why don't you do the programming! Besides, just what the hell do You need to solve these for anyway?"

She was a mathematician, so I knew it would be useless to reason with her. I opted for the emotional approach. "This is very important to me. If you do it, I'll take you out to dinner tomorrow night." She tried to play it cool, but I caught the gleam in her eye. "Well -"

"Okay, we'll even go to a flick."

"Deal."

What a pushover. Besides, Ididn't have time to do the work myself. There were other plans for tonight.

#### Third movement: molto vivace

Since dancing had been outlawed again on campus. we had to go to her office. This was entirely agreeable with me - a newly renovated, plushly carpeted, lushly <sup>tur</sup>nished, private chamber. At the moment, a nice slow number was on the sterco, the lights were dimmed, and we were dancing easily. She moved with a graceful style hat made me forget all the bad things that had lappened that day.

"What were you talking to Marcia about?" she asked her business voice. I stiffened slightly.

"She's doing some calculations for me."

"Uh-huh."

"It's true. They're for a rather important experiment tomorrow."

"What is it?" she asked, in her curious-little-girl voice.

"We're going to spend a probe back in time."

"What for?"

"To answer a question you once asked me."

"How are you going to do it?" she asked, in her skeptical, know-it-all voice.

"By pushing the probe through a rotating black hole.

Theoretically, it should work."

"Theoretically, that should have worked," she said, pointing to the blue pyramid on the shelf.

"Well, no method is a hundred per cent safe. I'm just

glad it wasn't you."

She moved millimetrically closer. "Can I come watch the experiment tomorrow?"

"Um-hmm," I acquiesced.

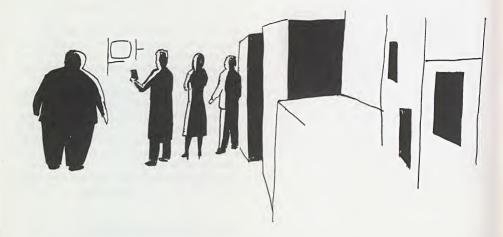
"You know, this new furniture is great," she said, in her sofa voice. She was absolutely right.

#### Fourth movement: sonata - allegro

The security at the lab was incredibly, but understandably, tight. After showing our I.D.'s and Wachovia account numbers, the guard ushered us into a pitch black room where our eyes could grow accustomed to the darkness that awaited in the lab proper.

A buzzer sounded and the other door slid open, revealing an almost perfect blackness. From what seemed like miles away came an eerie bluish glow - the





unmistakable glow of a television screen. We walked past rows and rows of electronic equipment and computers, fans whirring and display lights revealing the boxes' inner thoughts. Several men and one secretary were standing around the blue screen. Each had on a lab jacket (except for Dr. McIntosh, who had on two lab jackets sewn together) and the secretary was making notes while watching for roaming hands. From somewhere came the heavy smell of pizza.

A face suddenly loomed in front of mine — Dr. McIntosh. "Well, lad, you're just in time. We're just about to put the camera and mike through the first event horizon. This is an exciting time; this is what physics is all about," he said, and crammed a quarter of an anchovy pizza into his mouth.

One of the technicians sat down at a table and flipped a switch. The screen suddenly went black, leaving us in total darkness. There was a loud "smack" as the secretary's hand connected with my cheek. I hoped it wouldn't show when the lights came up again.

An image now appeared on the screen, fuzzy and unsteady. "See if you can't correct for that, Johnson. Try the pyramidal filter," Dr. McIntosh said, still swallowing a mouthful of ginger ale. The image flickered and became noticeably more distinct, but still blurred.

"Shall we proceed?" asked Johnson.

McIntosh turned to me. "Can we computer process that image?"

"Yes, but we'll lose the color."

"That's okay. We will still be capable of discriminating the necessary objects."

I made the necessary adjustments and activated the process. This time, the picture on the screen had sufficient clarity to reveal what appeared to be a jungle. "Audio coming on," said Johnson. The sound of twittering birds filled the air.

"Too late," said Dr. McIntosh. "Take it back farther."

Again the screen went black, and again I earned a slap The new image appeared, quite different from the first. It was still a forest of sorts, but a much earlier one obviously a prehistoric one. There were large ferns and bushes and the beginnings of a few trees, but no birds singing — it would be a million years before they appeared on earth. Dr. McIntosh sat down in a swivel chair and opened another ginger ale. "You all might as well sit down. We can't probe forward in time too fast or we might miss it. Johnson, start edging it forward, slowly."

The forest blurred slightly, but otherwise nothing happened. The secretary had stopped writing in the log book, and now stared on intently along with the rest of us. Suddenly, there was a commotion on the screen, impossible to identify because of the high speed.

"That's it!" exclaimed McIntosh. "Back up."

The forest appeared again, the same as before. "Coming up now," said Johnson. We waited a full two minutes and nothing happened. The secretary was starting to yawn when a slight motion occurred on the screen.

A chill ran up my spine a's I watched one of the trees fall to the ground, in complete silence.

#### Not all poetry must be great

thank God: if we're here settling hierarchies. one less log to nihilism, which I can't make anything of: I'm more inclined to natural skepticism what can become unglued, does; we sniff at each other's pain, reading Greek to a Polack, bearing biers at the wrong funeral; A friend tells me this can't be poetry because it's not the Yankee idiom, Frost's laws prevail where his spirit frays out thin as pine sap glaze: well, I don't take a map along, but I know if I get there; I can't give directions, except that McDaniel Avenue is at the corner of the Nanarello's house, where Cindy Watson's brother sacrificed a tricycle and a foot to long vellow lights: Make no bones about it, I couldn't get you around this city: the linear doesn't move me; I'd read a phonebook before a dull plodding novel; If you want terseness buy the Chicago Tribune, I'd rather ramble about. taking in harmonies and dissonance, biding time



#### Doug Abrams



#### Washing the Dishes

I have never really reconciled myself: the stratified variety: thread through stem and leaf, the waxed numbness weaving its way like senility:

my head is no good, Grandma Ana said, that'll be what goes first; I take what comfort there is: I have one foot that doesn't hurt as bad as the other; there are some people who I haven't brought pain: but the stalk never gets its fill, I know, having poured out anything within reach:

I am not good enough, a rock, a load of lard on a life raft; the water flicks off in ashes, greasy welps:

they feed my father aspirin for candy, hyacinth doesn't rage; I can't speak over the shrubbery, our dog is shaking the low branches.

emerges limp dog in her teeth: Pg, I stand in your light, the dishes can't be cleaned, the foam flows over the sink:

#### Sunday Fare

We sit. in a room where sunlight falls like fractured glass around us at a table where there is often silence and vellow daffodils my mother has hastily pulled from the yard. The silence is cut. by the sounds of eating of silver knife against china plate and sometimes bv words served up by one which the rest of us eat with our meal.

"I married too young." sighs my father "it messed me up" and stopping his fork he looks up, half-smiling, to my mother. "Oh, so that's what's wrong with you" she laughs high and long as she often does at meals then is silent.

My eyes speak across the daffodils to my sister who looks to me. then her plate.

We eat.

My mother shakes her tea and the ice whirls and clatters in her glass.

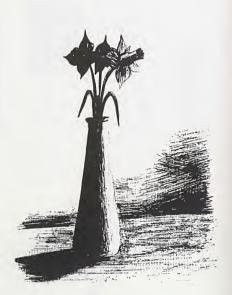
My father motions for me to pass the platter and wonders aloud why the food is so tasteless.

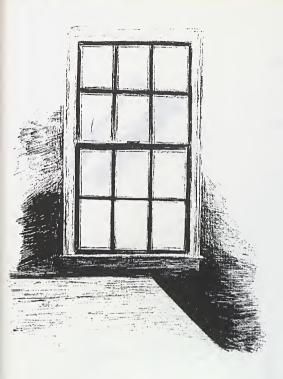
... there is anger in the food in the rattle of spoons in cups in the clash of fork with meat in the laughter and silence

and suddenly
these daytime sounds
are like those other sounds,
night sounds,
of shouts,
of a slammed door
swinging slowly back
to reveal
empty
space
where
a person
had stood.

sounds of his car leaving to become a faint hum on the highway then nothing sounds of the bed springs creaking as my mother lays down to sleep beside me.

At night, I hear them cry out in their dreams





But once, night's anger intruded on day's silence and on a bright Sunday, my mother, instead of serving pain with dinner took it in her hands and shoved her fists through the kitchen window. And I remember bright blood as it ran down her arms and the green peas she had dropped as they rolled and scattered in the fragments of glass.

She wept and then ran to her room where her weeping would not interfere with our dinner, I suppose

And that day we ate in silence.

For a long time that broken window was covered with cardboard and brown tape. You see, we have never been good at fixing things. It was covered for so long that we forgot just when and how it had been broken.

Now the window is fixed

But we are reminded each time that we sit in that room where sunlight falls like glass around a table of silence and daffodils.

Bending our heads over the plates, we eat.

Jan A. Doub

#### BITING THE BULLET: A TRILOGY

I

Rube Goldberg, where are you when I need you to build a fantastic machine that will make the words go up ladders, ring bells, tip buckets over, make lights flash, run down stairs, go round and round then come out here.

#### II

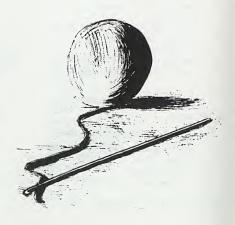
I wish to write like my sister-in-law
Who does not write
But crochets,
while watching television.
Never looking down to guide her fingers
she takes limp skeins
and weaves them into
lovely lacy patterns
to swirl about her shoulders
and keep her warm.



III

I can't write nothing it ain't no good like a child who can't talk who screams, but only inside his head.

Jan A. Doub



#### Homecoming

Once upon a time it was easy to slide down a red clay bank (without harming my apple) onto the humpback of a whale stranded there where the creek is so shallow.

After school it was cool to lie on his bright back inside a high globe of breathing birches feeling the willows cry shadows over me and the water Watching the water spiders surf on the ripples I made

making my apple last.

In remembrance:
last Saturday home to visit,
I slid down the bank;
in the mud; with the apple;
only to find a big rock
upon which I sat and thought
eating the apple fast

until I thought

At which point

well
I guess it doesn't work anymore
so
throwing in the apple core
I rose to leave
and fell into the water would you believe.

five water spiders surfed over to say haha

Poetic justice at last
And when I stood up to drip
the birches roared
with the willows bent over with laughing
until they cried shadows all over the rock
which was suddenly a whale again.

Evelyn West

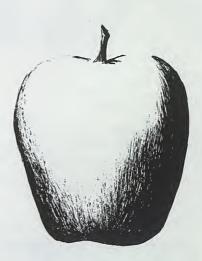
On the Quad Dogwood buds pass out

> the beads drift across the limbs like umbrellas they anticipate jolt:

a film retards sun while partial moons are counted;

> hands dip in: the jarred nodes lose count

> > Doug Abrams



Dogs bark at leaffalls, and
Dogs bark at whistle calls;
Dogs chase at whitewalls, and
Dogs chase at tennis balls;
But when they sniff at hubcaps, or
Smell the trunks of trees You know the look they give you
Means "this is serious, please."

Bill Hinman

#### Kite-Flying

Too many thoughts and too few words flood my life these days, these days. I think about it, you know: the boat breaking, a clock screw to fix it, Can it be that way with us . . . making do . . . The kite was lovely, hollow reeds and brown paper with a tail made from your paint-spattered pants, with the sun coming down and the wind lifting, lifting us and that kite the length of a string and more -the length we let it go.

I thought about it, standing on top of the highest dune, hands on hips, watching you run that kite up, your knees wet in ocean waves, shaking your head to run again when our kite began to fall, like us, like what you do when I would shrug and let the wind blow us both away.

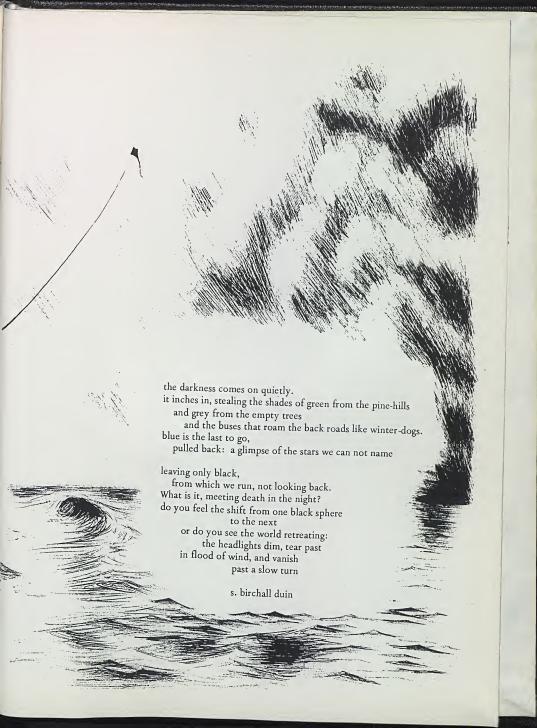
Persistence is persuasive.

And my breath caught a moment when I saw that gust send our kite into a loop and spin, then billow it to life high, to float it to some steady flow of air above our heads.

We let out the string and tied the end to a piece of driftwood, then stuck it in the sand. Walking down the beach behind you. my forehead pressed to your shoulder blades, I would glance back now and then to see the kite bob and steady. It was still flying when we walked back to sit on the beach and talk. watching the waves and my orange conch, the words rushed in. We didn't notice the clouds till all of a sudden when the wind came up and we ran to wind the kite in. When the string broke, you wouldn't leave it in spite of the rain.

I listened for the thunder anxiously, but my eyes followed you into the marsh.
The kite wasn't torn.
Watching you from the shelter of your blue hood which covers my eyes, I thought about it: the shelter that you are.
Does it really mean so much to you?
Can we run it up with the sun coming down and the wind lifting, lifting us and that kite the length of a string and more -- the length we let it on?

J. K. Haughee



### *Summer 1975*

